THE
POETICAL PRECEPTOR;
OR, A
COLLECTION
OF
Select PIECES of POETRY;
Extracted from the WORKS of the moſt eminent
ENGLISH POETS.
PARTICULARLY,

ADDISON,
AKENSIDE,
ARMSTRONG,
D. BUCKINGHAM
CONGREVE,
COWLEY,
DENHAM,
DRYDEN,
DYER,
EARTH,
GAY,
GRAINGER,
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JOHNSON,
BEN. JONSON,
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L. LYTTLETON,
MALLET,
MASON,
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OTWAY,
PARNELL,
PHILIPS,
POPE,
PRIOR,
ROWE,
SHAKESPEARE,
SHENSTONE,
SWIFT,
THOMSON,
TICKELL,
WALLER,
WHARTON,
WHITEHEAD,
WILKIE,
YOUNG, &c.

And calculated for the Uſe, not only of SCHOOLS, but of PRIVATE GENTLEMEN.

The SECOND EDITION;
Corrected, improved, and enriched with the Addition of many new Pieces.

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SEP

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

IN conſequence of the Promiſe I made in the Preface to the POLITE PRECEPTOR, I here take the Liberty of preſenting the Reader with a Collection of Poetical Pieces, which, as far as I am able to judge, is better calculated for the uſe of Schools, than any other Book of the kind that has yet been offered to the public. In forming this Collection, I had two objects principally in view. The firſt was, to admit no piece that contained any ſentiment or expreſſion, inconſiſtent either with the principles of morality, or the rules of delicacy, convinced as I am, and have always been, of the truth of the Roman Poet's obſervation, that the greateſt reverence is due to a child, and that nothing ſhould be exhibited to his view, or uttered in his hearing, that has the leaſt tendency to vitiate his taſte or corrupt his heart. But not only have I guarded againſt the inſertion of any immoral or indecent pieces; a thing, that has not been ſuffi-

ciently attended to by ſome Editors of ſimilar collections: I have done more; I have carefully endeavoured to ſelect ſuch pieces as contained the moſt excellent precepts of morality, the ſtrongeſt exhortations to virtue, and the moſt powerful diſſuaſives from vice; and for this purpoſe I had recourſe to our dramatic poets, who, it is well known, chiefly abound in paſſages of this kind.

My ſecond object, and which I always conſidered as ſubordinate to the firſt, was to collect ſuch pieces as, while they were either free from indecency and immorality, or exhibited patterns of the oppoſite virtues, were, at the ſame time, remarkable for the beauty or ſublimity of the thought, the harmony of the numbers, or the elegance or vigour of the expreſſion. In a word, my intention was to collect not the moſt beautiful pieces of Engliſh Poetry in general, but the moſt beautiful Pieces of Engliſh Poetry that were fit to be put into the hands of children; for between theſe there is a very material and obvious diſtinction. I likewiſe made it a maxim to collect from as great a variety of Authors as poſſible; partly with a view of bringing the young ſcholar acquainted with the names of the moſt admired Poets of his country; partly in order to give him ſome idea of their ſtile and manner of writing, that ſo he may be the better able to enter into their true ſpirit and meaning, when he advances in years, and is qualified to read their works at large.

Pope in his preface to his original works ſays, "That he would not be like thoſe authors who forgive themſelves ſome particular lines for the ſake of a whole poem, and *vice verſa*, a whole poem for

for the ſake of ſome particular lines." But if this be inexcuſable in compoſing a whole poem or complete work, where the author's imagination may naturally be ſuppoſed ſometimes to flag, it muſt certainly be more ſo in ſelecting detached paſſages from the works of others, where the editor has no fancy or invention to exert, and has only to exerciſe his taſte and judgment. For this reaſon it is, that I have never ſcrupled to make the paſſages ſhort, provided the connection was not ſo ſuddenly broke off, as to render the ſenſe obſcure; and this I have chiefly done with regard to paſſages of a moral nature, where brevity is ſo far from being a fault, that it may even be conſidered as a particular recommendation. For, I think, it is a rule laid down by all critics, ancient and modern, that if precepts be clear, the fewer words they are expreſſed in, ſo much the better, becauſe they will be ſure, on that account, both to be the more eaſily underſtood, and to be the longer remembered.

With reſpect to the propriety of accuſtoming youth to the early reading of poetry, I have already, in ſome meaſure, expreſſed my ſentiments in the preface to the POLITE PRECEPTOR, where I have obſerved, that it is the beſt method of teaching them the true quantity and accent of words, without the knowledge of which no one can ever read even proſe with a good grace. But this, however conſiderable, is but one of the leaſt advantages to be derived from the reading of poetry. For as the poets are, almoſt to a man, friends to virtue, and as they have the art (and in this art conſiſts one of the chief circumſtances that diſtinguiſhes poetry from proſe) of compreſſing their

thoughts into a narrower compaſs than proſe-writers, the peruſal of the poets is one of the moſt effectual means of ſtoring the mind with moral knowledge, that is, with regard to the conduct of life, the moſt uſeful and important of all kinds of knowledge. Add to this, that what we learn in poetry, makes a much deeper impreſſion upon the mind, and is likely to be much longer retained, than what we learn in proſe. Addiſon is perhaps as ſenſible a writer as either Shakeſpeare or Pope; yet how ſeldom do we hear the former quoted, and how frequently the two latter!

THE EDITOR.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE Editor begs leave to obſerve, that, in compliance with the requeſt of ſome of the moſt eminent maſters of academies, as well as of ſome of the moſt accompliſhed governeſſes of ladies' boarding-ſchools in and about town, he has inſerted a great number of pieces in this edition that are not to be found in the laſt; and, in order to expreſs his gratitude to the public for the very favourable reception the book has hitherto met with, he has contrived to do ſo without encreaſing the price of the volume. At the ſame time he muſt be permitted to remark, that, as the judgment of youth ought to be exerciſed as well as their memory, he has ſelected ſome of theſe additional pieces from the critical works of our moſt admired poets, ſuch as the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay on Poetry, and Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm; for to cultivate the memory (as is too frequently done) to the total neglect of the judgment andthe other faculties of the mind, is, to ſay the leaſt, a very ridiculous and abſurd mode of inſtruction.

THE CONTENTS.

	Page
THE Young Lady and Looking Glaſs; a Fable	1
The Lion, the Fox, and the Geeſe; a Fable	3
The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf; a Fable	4
The Lion and the Cub; a Fable	5
The Butterfly and Snail; a Fable	6
The Perſian, the Sun, and the Cloud; a Fable	7
The Maſtiffs; a Fable	8
The Turkey and Ant; a Fable	9
The Father and Jupiter; a Fable	10
The Cur, the Horſe, and the Shepherd's Dog; a Fable	11
The Dog and the Fox; a Fable	12
The Bear in a Boat; a Fable	15
The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly; a Fable	18
The Pack-horſe and the Carrier; a Fable	22
The Ape, the Parrot, and the Jack-daw; a Fable	24
The Youth and the Philoſopher; a Fable	30
The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow; a Fable	32
The Bears and Bees; a Fable	35
The Camelion	36
The Monkies; a Tale	38
The Goldfinches; an Elegy	39
An Ode on the Heavenly Bodies	41
A Hymn on Gratitude	42
An Ode on Providence	43
Ode to Spring	44
The Employments of a Country Life	45
The Happineſs of a Country Life	48
The Advantages of Walking	49
Panacea; or the Grand Reſtorative	50

Claudian's

Page
Claudian's old Man of Verona — 51
On Solitude — — — ibid
The Hermit — — 53
A Fairy Tale, in the ancient Engliſh Stile 59
The Miſery of a Town-Life, and the Happineſs of a Country-Life; exemplified in the Story of the Town-Mouſe and Country-Mouſe — 64
An Elegy written in a Country Church-yard 69
Hymn to Adverſity — — 73
Ode on a diſtant Proſpect of Eton College — 74
Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold-fiſhes — — 77
Advice to a Lady — — 78
The Lady's Looking Glaſs — — 81
The Garland — — 83
The various Effects of Pride — 84
Character of a Fox-Hunter — — 85
Character of a Floriſt — — ibid
Character of a Fop and a Sloven — 86
Character of a Levee-Hunter — 87
Affectation of Delicacy ridiculed — 88
The Emptineſs of Riches — — 89
On Procraſtination — — 90
On the Being of a God — — 91
The Ignorance of Man, with regard to the general Laws of the Univerſe, a Reaſon why he ſhould be contented with his preſent State — — 92
Our Happineſs partly owing to our Ignorance of future Events, partly to our Hope of a future State 93
The Unreaſonableneſs of our Complaints againſt Providence — — — — 94
Order and Subordination prevail through all the Works of God, which form one entire Whole — — 95
The different Offices of Reaſon and Self-Love 97
On the Paſſions — — — 98
The whole Univerſe one Syſtem of Society 103
The State of Nature — — — 104
Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the Invention of Arts, and in Forms of Society — ibid
The Gifts of Fortune unequally diſtributed: Happineſs does not conſiſt in the Superabundance of theſe, but in Health, Peace, and Contentment 106
Honour conſiſts in acting our Part well 107

Virtue

	Page
Virtue the ſole Foundation of Happineſs	107
Characters are given according to the Rank of Men in the World	109
Examples of the Strength of the ruling Paſſion in the Hour of Death	ibid
Advice to the Fair Sex	110
The Man of Roſs	ibid
On Verſification	111
The Parting of Hector and Andromache	112
Ode for Muſic on St. Cecilia's Day	116
Alexander's Feaſt; or the Power of Muſic; an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day	119
Deſcription of a Battle, illuſtrated by a ſublime Compariſon	123
The firſt Onſet of a Battle, illuſtrated by a noble Compariſon	ibid
To the King on his Navy	124
On the Invention of Letters	125
The Anſwer	ibid
The Enthuſiaſt; or the Lover of Nature	126
Ode to Fancy	132
L'Allegro	135
Il Penſeroſo	139
The Wiſh	143
Elegy to a young Nobleman, leaving the Univerſity	145
Sheep-Shearing; Song on that Occaſion; Sheep-Shearing Feaſt and Merriments	147
On Genius	151
On Taſte	153
The Pleaſures ariſing from a cultivated Imagination	154
On Greatneſs	156
On Novelty	158
The Pain ariſing from virtuous Emotions, attended with Pleaſure	159
On Exerciſe	161
Leſſons of Wiſdom	162
The Paſſion of the Groves	164
Domeſtic Love and Happineſs	168
The Pleaſures of Retirement	170
A Panegyric on Great Britain	172
The Bleſſings of Induſtry	176
A Harveſt-Scene, with the Story of Palemon and Lavinia	179

Page

A Man periſhing in the Snow, with Reflections on the Miſeries of human Life —— —— 182
The Subject of Paradiſe Loſt—Invocation of the Muſe—Man's Diſobedience—Loſs of Paradiſe—Satan driven out of Heaven —— — 184
Satan lying on the burning Lake — — — 186
Deſcription of Satan's Shield and Spear — 187
Satan's Pre-eminence above the other fallen Angels 188
Pandemonium —— —— ibid
An Addreſs to Light —— 189
Satan's Speech to the Sun —— 190
Satan's Approach to Paradiſe—That Place deſcribed 192
Satan's firſt Sight of Adam and Eve —— 193
Eve gives an Account of what firſt befel her after her Creation —— 194
A Deſcription of Night —— —— 195
Eve deſcribes her Happineſs in Adam's Company ibid
Rencounter between Gabriel and Satan in Paradiſe 196
The Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve 197
Raphael's Deſcent from Heaven to Paradiſe 198
Encounter between Abdiel and Satan: Beginning of the firſt Battle of the Angels —— 199
Encounter between Michael and Satan —— 200
Addreſs to the Muſe Urania —— 201
The Creation of the World deſcribed —— 202
The firſt Appearance of the Sun and Moon 204
The Creation of Birds deſcribed —— ibid
The Deity reſolves to create Man —— 205
Adam gives an Account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation ibid
Adam's Deſcription of Eve —— 207
Eve parts with Adam—The Serpent finds her; and is ſo ſtrongly affected with her Beauty and Innocence, that he almoſt lays aſide his helliſh Deſign ibid
Adam's Lamentation over Eve, upon her eating the forbidden Fruit; and his Reſolution to ſhare the ſame Fate with her —— 209
Eve's Lamentation upon her being doomed to quit Paradiſe —— —— 210
A Hymn to Contentment — — ibid
A Night-Piece on Death —— 212
Health; an Eclogue —— 214
A Contemplation on Night —— 216

Page
A Thought on Eternity —— 217
To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Picture of King George I. 218
Grongar Hill —— —— 220
Labour recommended —— —— 224
Country Work-Houſes propoſed—A Deſcription of one—Good Effects of Induſtry —— 225
A wiſe King, and an impartial Judge, inſtanced in the Conduct of Henry V. and Lord Chief Juſtice Gaſcoigne —— 228
The Vanity of Power, and the Miſery of Kings; a Dialogue between Scroop and Richard II. 230
The Upbraidings of a Father, and the Piety of a Son; a Dialogue between King Henry IV. and Prince Henry —— —— — 231
Undaunted Courage in the Midſt of Danger. Henry V. to his Soldiers — — 234
The World compared to a Stage 236
Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only ibid
Mercy — — 237
Muſic — — — ibid
The Power of Imagination — — 238
Deſcription of a Man ſwimming aſhore ibid
The Vanity of Human Nature — ibid
Concealed Love — — ibid
A beautiful Perſon petitioning in vain 239
Deſcription of Cleopatra's ſailing down the Cydnus ibid
Inborn Royalty — 240
Real Grief —— —— ibid
A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel ibid
Hamlet on the Appearance of his Father's Ghoſt 241
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death —— ibid
Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul 242
On Flattery, and Firmneſs of Mind —— 243
Peace after civil War —— 244
Hotſpur's Deſcription of a finical Courtier ibid
A gallant Warrior —— —— 245
Rumour —— —— ibid
On Sleep —— —— 246
King Henry the Fifth's Eloquence — ibid
The Commonwealth of Bees —— 247
Deſcription of a Fleet ſetting Sail —— ibid
Deſcription of Night in a Camp —— 248
The Happineſs of a Shepherd's Life —— 249

The

Page
The Viciſſitudes of Life — 249
Cardinal Wolſey's Speech to Cromwell 250
News-Tellers on the Death of Arthur — 251
Patriotiſm — ibid
Caſſius in Contempt of Cæſar — ibid
Ambition covered with ſpecious Humility 252
Againſt the Fear of Death — ibid
Antony's Funeral Oration upon Cæſar ibid
Brutus to Caſſius — 253
Opportunity to be ſeized in all Affairs 254
Antony's Character of Brutus — ibid
Lear's paſſionate Exclamations amidſt the Tempeſt ibid
Deſcription of Dover-Cliff — 255
An oppreſſed Country — 256
Othello's Relation of his Courtſhip to the Senate ibid
Reputation — 257
Baniſhment; Conſolation under it — 258
Thoughts ineffectual to moderate Afflictions ibid
England — ibid
The Sun riſing after a dark Night — 259
The Cares of Royalty — ibid
Submiſſion to Heaven, our Duty — ibid
The Vanity of Truſt in Man — 260
Queen Margaret upbraiding Queen Anne, the Conſort of Richard III. — ibid
On Dreams — ibid
Deſcription of an Apothecary and his Shop 261
Adverſity the Teſt of real Merit — 262
The Character of Troilus — ibid
Solitude preferred to a Court-Life, and the Advantages of Adverſity — ibid
Gratitude in an old Servant — 263
A merry Man — ibid
Virtue given to be exerted — 264
Affected Gravity — ibid
The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances ibid
Female Friendſhip — 265
Modeſt Duty always acceptable — ibid
Youthful Innocence — 266
Part of the King's deſpairing Soliloquy in Hamlet ibid
A Health — 267
Reflections on a Crown — ibid
The Miſeries of Royalty — ibid

Page
The Miſeries of War 268
A good Conſcience 269
Advice ibid
Honour due to perſonal Merit, not to Birth ibid
Againſt Delay 270
A fine Deſcription of a ſleeping Man, about to be deſtroyed by a Snake and a Lioneſs ibid
Deſcription of a beggarly Conjurer or a Fortune-teller ibid
Mercy in Governors commended ibid
Precepts againſt Ill-fortune 271
England invincible, if unanimous ibid
Ceremony inſincere ibid
Hounds and Hunting ibid
Popular Ingratitude and Curioſity 272
The Life of an African ibid
Cato's Addreſs to the Senate 273
Deſcription of a Hurricane ibid
Cato's Advice to his Friends ibid
Cato's Advice to his Son 274
Action oppoſed to Contemplation ibid
Ambition inſeparable from great Minds ibid
The Unſteadineſs of an arbitrary Government, and the Miſery of a deſpotic Prince 275
The Happineſs of a free Government ibid
The Killing of a Boar 276
The ſame ibid
Deſcription of a populous City ibid
Rural Courtſhip 277
Deſcription of a Perſon left on a deſart Iſland ibid
The firſt Feats of a young Eagle 278
The true End of Education ibid
Filial Piety ibid
The ſame 279
Bad Fortune more eaſily borne than good ibid
Deſpair never to be indulged ibid
A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor 280
Deſcription of a Hag ibid
Happineſs the inſeparable Companion of Virtue ibid
Honour ſuperior to Juſtice ibid
In what Manner Princes oughtbe taught 281
True End of Royalty ibid
The real Duty of a King 282
Character of a good King ibid

Page
The Guilt of bad Kings 282
The true End of Life 283
The ſame ibid
A Lion overcome by a Man ibid
Character of an excellent Man 284
Virtue the only true Source of Nobility ibid
The happy Effects of Misfortune ibid
A Deſcription of the Morning 285
Another ibid
The charming Notes of the Nightingale ibid
The ſame 286
A worthleſs Perſon can claim no Merit from the Virtues of his Anceſtors ibid
The Love of our Country the greateſt of Virtues ibid
The ſame 287
In what Philoſophy really conſiſts ibid
Scipio reſtoring the captive Princeſs to her Royal Lover ibid
The Bleſſings of Peace 289
Providence ibid
Prudence ibid
Deſcription of Ships appearing at a Diſtance, and approaching the Shore 290
Virtue preferable to Rank ibid
Deſcription of an ancient Cathedral ibid
Deſcription of a Triumph 291
A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's ibid
Virtue its own Reward 292
No Difficulties inſuperable to the Prudent and Brave ibid
The School-Miſtreſs: In Imitation of Spencer ibid
A Letter from Italy to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax, in the Year 1701 300
To the Earl of Dorſet 304
To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr. Addiſon 305
Colin and Lucy: A Ballad 308
Edwin and Emma 310
Celadon and Amelia 312
Junio and Theana 313
The Splendid Shilling. In Imitation of Milton 317
Deſcription of the Thames, and of Stag-hunting 320

In-

Page

Interview between Health and Dr. Hervey in the infernal Regions — 325
Rules for Writing well — 327
Character and Duty of a Critic — 331
Cauſes that miſlead the Judgment in criticizing the Writings of others — 335
To-morrow — 339
Epitaph — ibid
On the Counteſs Dowager of Pembroke — 340
Epitaph — ibid
Under Milton's Picture, before his Paradiſe Loſt — ibid
A Hymn — ibid
The Univerſal Prayer — 343

THE

THE

POETICAL PRECEPTOR.

The YOUNG LADY and LOOKING-GLASS.

A FABLE. [WILKIE.]

YE deep philoſophers who can
Explain that various creature, Man,
Say, is there any point ſo nice,
As that of offering an advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almoſt certain to offend:
Tho' you in ſofteſt terms adviſe,
Confeſs him good; admit him wiſe;
In vain you ſweeten the diſcourſe,
He thinks you call him FOOL, or worſe.
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply;
Without a name reprove and warn;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn:
This too muſt fail, the picture ſhewn,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the caſe,
Say this is honeſt, that is baſe;
In converſation, none will bear it;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral leſſon to convey?

Muſt all that ſhall attempt to teach,
Admoniſh, ſatirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By ſages found to reach the heart,
Ere ſcience, with diſtinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is and vice,
Inventing all the various names
On which the moraliſt declaims:
They wou'd by ſimple tales adviſe,
Which took the hearer by ſurpriſe;
Alarm'd his conſcience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himſelf receive
The leſſons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end, when others fail,
If any ſhall pretend to doubt,
The TALE which follows makes it out.

There was a little ſtubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Reſtive, by long indulgence, grown,
No will ſhe minded but her own:
At trifles oft ſhe'd ſcold and fret,
Then in a corner take a ſeat,
And, ſourly moping all the day,
Diſdain alike to work or play.
Papa all ſofter arts had try'd,
And ſharper remedies apply'd;
But both were vain, for every courſe
He took ſtill made her worſe and worſe.
'Tis ſtrange to think how female wit
So oft ſhould make a lucky hit,
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, ſounder ſenſe,
Will err, and meaſures falſe purſue—
Tis very ſtrange, I own, but true.—
Mamma obſerv'd the riſing laſs
By ſtealth retiring to the glaſs,
To practiſe little airs, unſeen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep deſign ſhe laid
To tame the humour of the maid;

Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, againſt the ſeat
Which Jeſſy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glaſs was ſtraight ſuſpended,
That it might ſhow her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when ſhe ſtorm'd;
And warn her, as ſhe priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the looking-glaſs atchiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.
The maid, who ſpurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So when all other means had fail'd,
The ſilent monitor prevail'd.
Thus, Fable to the human-kind
Preſents an image of the mind;
It is a mirror where we ſpy
At large our own deformity;
And learn of courſe thoſe faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

The LION, the FOX, and the GEESE.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

A Lion, tir'd with ſtate affairs,
Quite ſick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Reſolv'd (remote from noiſe and ſtrife)
In peace to paſs his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was ſet:
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new Regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tygers bend,
And ſtrive who moſt ſhall condeſcend.
He ſtraight aſſumes a ſolemn grace,
Collects his wiſdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his ſenſe:
Each word has weight and conſequence.
The flatt'rer all his art diſplays:
He who hath power, is ſure of praiſe.

A Fox ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the ſervile throng addreſt.
How vaſt his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honeſt ſchool!
What clemency his temper ſways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine ſhall ceaſe to waſte the land.
His brain hath ſtratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart;
What bleſſings muſt attend the nation
Under this good adminiſtration!

He ſaid. A Gooſe, who diſtant ſtood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.
Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me ſhun his worthy friend.
What praiſe! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who ſpoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wiſe;
If they enjoy the ſweets, 'tis plain
We Geeſe muſt feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now ſhall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taſte, and ſeem polite,
Will feed on Geeſe both noon and night!

The SHEPHERD'S DOG and the WOLF.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold:
Deep in the wood ſecure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the ſhepherd's wakeful care
Had ſpread the toils, and watch'd the ſnare:
In vain the dog purſu'd his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.
As Lightfoot rang'd the foreſt round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
Let us a while the war ſuſpend,
And reaſon as from friend to friend.

A truce

A truce? replies the Wolf. Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.
How can that ſtrong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceleſs kind?
Thoſe jaws ſhould prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great ſouls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmleſs is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy ſpare.
Friend, ſays the Wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature deſign'd us beaſts of prey;
As ſuch, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis neceſſary Wolves ſhould eat.
If mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy boſom burn with real zeal;
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beſeech;
To him repeat the moving ſpeech:
A Wolf eats ſheep but now and then;
Ten thouſands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curſe,
But a pretended friend is worſe.

The LION and the CUB.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and baſe!
Theſe cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from ſuperior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And loſe their hours in ale and ſmoke.
There o'er ſome petty club preſide;
So poor, ſo paltry is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will ſit,
In hopes to be ſupreme in wit.
If theſe can read, to theſe I write,
To ſet their worth in trueſt light.

A Lion-cub, of ſordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applauſe, he ſought the feaſts
Of vulgar and ignoble beaſts;

With aſſes all his time he ſpent,
Their club's perpetual preſident.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs:
An aſs in every thing, but ears!
If e'er his highneſs meant a joke,
They grinn'd applauſe before he ſpoke;
But at each word what ſhouts of praiſe!
Good gods! how natural he brays!
Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He ſeeks his royal ſire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to ſhow his parts,
His Highneſs brays; the Lion ſtarts.
Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and converſation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noiſy race,
Are trumpets of their own diſgrace.
Why ſo ſevere? the Cub replies;
Our ſenate always held me wiſe.
How weak is pride! returns the ſire;
All fools are vain, when fools admire:
But know, what ſtupid aſſes prize,
Lions and noble beaſts deſpiſe.

The BUTTERFLY and SNAIL.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

ALL upſtarts, inſolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the ſunſhine of the morn,
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a roſe,
With pert conceit his boſom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he diſplays; the ſpangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.
His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his houſe, with ſlimy trail
Crawls o'er the graſs; whom when he 'ſpies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:
What means yon peaſant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the ſoil?

Why

Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimſon hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feaſt his taſte deſign'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Cruſh then the ſlow, the pilf'ring race;
So purge thy garden from diſgrace.
What arrogance! the Snail reply'd;
How inſolent is upſtart pride!
Had ſt thou not thus, with inſult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the ſcum of earth.
For ſcarce nine ſuns have wak'd the hours,
To ſwell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life ſurvey'd,
In baſe and ſordid guiſe array'd,
A hideous inſect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a ſlow and noiſome train;
And from your ſpider-bowels drew
Foul film, and ſpun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail ſhall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At beſt,
He's but a caterpillar, dreſt;
And all thy race (a numerous ſeed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

The PERSIAN, the SUN, and the CLOUD.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whoſe ev'ry thought the God inſpires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, ſhe rails, ſhe raves, ſhe pines;
Her hiſſing ſnakes with venom ſwell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The ſervile fiends her nod obey,
And all CURL's authors are in pay;
Fame calls up calumny and ſpite:
Thus ſhadow owes its birth to light.

As proſtrate to the God of day,
With heart devout, a Perſian lay,
His invocation thus begun.
Parent of light, all-ſeeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whoſe rays diſpenſe
The various gifts of providence,
Accept our praiſe, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bleſs the year.
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with ſudden darkneſs hung;
With pride and envy ſwell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.
Weak is this gawdy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to ſhine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incenſe know?
Where praiſe is due, the praiſe beſtow.
With fervent zeal the Perſian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.
It was that God, who claims my prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy ſubſtance is but plainer ſhown.
A paſſing gale, a puff of wind
Diſpels thy thickeſt troops combin'd.
The gale aroſe; the vapour toſt
(The ſport of winds) in air was loſt;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit ſhines.

The MASTIFFS.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

THOSE who in quarrels interpoſe,
Muſt often wipe a bloody noſe.

A Maſtiff, of true Engliſh blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were ſnarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpoſe obtain'd his end;
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The ſcars of honour ſeam'd his face;

In ev'ry limb a gaſh appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As on a time, he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noiſy war,
Away he ſcours and lays about him,
Reſolv'd no fray ſhould be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,
A cudgel ſhall correct your manners.
Whence ſprung this curſed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your ſpite,
Sirrah! 'tis me, you dare to bite.
To ſee the battle thus perplex'd
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarſe-ſcreaming from the circled croud,
To the curs'd Maſtiff cries aloud.
Both Hockley-hole and Marybone
The combats of my dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, raſh fool, to ſhare his fame;
Be his the honour or the ſhame.

Thus ſaid, they ſwore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their faſten'd dogs aſunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry ſide
Rebounded from the maſtiff's hide.

All reeking now with ſweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors ſtood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worried, howl'd and ſprawl'd below.
He roſe; and limping from the fray,
By both ſides mangled, ſneak'd away.

The TURKEY and the ANT.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

IN other men we faults can ſpy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little ſpeck and blemiſh find,
To our own ſtronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forſook the barn, and ſought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare ſupplies;
Behold the buſy Negroe race,
See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is moſt delightful meat.
How bleſs'd, how envy'd were our life,
Could we but 'ſcape the poult'rer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,
And Chriſtmas ſhortens all our days:
Sometimes with oyſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſav'ry chine.
From the low peaſant to the lord,
The Turkey ſmokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the ſev'n deadly ſins the worſt.
An Ant, who climb'd beyond her reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighb'ring beech:
Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill.

The FATHER and JUPITER.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

THE Man to Jove his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing:
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he wearies heav'n with prayers.
Jove nods aſſent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now, more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view,
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.

Let

Let my firſt hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aſpire;
Till he the ſtep of pow'r aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'y grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If heav'n approve, a Father's bleſs'd,
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.
The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He ſtarves and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew:
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of power and place;
Then fell, the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid;
Thus ſpoke the God. By outward ſhow,
Men judge of happineſs and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal Will?
Seek virtue; and, of that poſſeſt,
To Providence reſign the reſt.

The CUR, the HORSE, and the SHEPHERD's DOG.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

THE lad, of all-ſufficient merit,
With modeſty ne'er damps his ſpirit;
Preſuming on his own deſerts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;

His noiſy jokes at random throws,
And pertly ſpatters friends and foes;
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own diſgrace.
Too late the forward youth ſhall find
That jokes are ſometimes paid in kind;
Or if they canker in the breaſt,
He makes a foe who makes a jeſt.

A Village-cur, of ſnappiſh race,
The perteſt puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was bleſs'd with muſic's ſweeteſt note;
In the mid road he baſking lay,
The yelping nuſance of the way;
For not a creature paſt along
But had a ſample of his ſong.
Soon as the trotting ſteed he hears,
He ſtarts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he ſcours, aſſaults his hoof;
Now near him ſnarls, now barks aloof;
With ſhrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way:
The Cur, with never-ceaſing tongue,
Upon the paſſing trav'ler ſprung.
The horſe, from ſcorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace purſu'd his way.
A Shepherd's dog, who ſaw the deed,
Deteſting the vexatious breed,
Beſpoke him thus. When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teazing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadſt not, like a Puppy, dy'd.

The DOG and the FOX.

TO A LAWYER.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

I Know you Lawyers can, with eaſe,
Twiſt words and meanings as you pleaſe;
That language, by your ſkill made pliant,
Will bend to favour ev'ry client;

That

That 'tis the fee directs the ſenſe,
To make out either ſide's pretence.
When you peruſe the cleareſt caſe,
You ſee it with a double face:
For ſcepticiſm's your profeſſion;
You hold there's doubt in all expreſſion.
Hence is the bar with fees ſupply'd,
Hence eloquence takes either ſide.
Your hand would have but paltry gleaning,
Could every man expreſs his meaning.
Who dares preſume to pen a deed,
Unleſs you previouſly are fee'd?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the coſt,
In dull prolixity ingroſt.
And now we're well ſecur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.
Read o'er a Will. Was't ever known,
But you could make the Will your own?
For when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *ſe defendendo*,
I bar fallacious innuendo.
Sagacious PORTA's ſkill could trace
Some beaſt or bird in ev'ry face.
The head, the eye, the noſe's ſhape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
When, in the ſketches thus deſign'd,
Reſemblance brings ſome friend to mind,
You ſhew the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monſtrous-like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round.
Like him I draw from gen'ral nature;
Is't I or you then fix the ſatire?
So, Sir, I beg you ſpare your pains
In making comments on my ſtrains.
All private ſlander I deteſt,
I judge not of my neighbour's breaſt:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the ſtate.

Shall not my fable cenſure vice,
Becauſe a knave is over-nice?
And, leſt the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?

If I laſh vice in gen'ral fiction,
Is't I apply, or ſelf-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the ſame?
I no man call an ape or aſs;
'Tis his own conſcience holds the glaſs.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable, knows his right.

A Shepherd's Dog, unſkill'd in ſports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all ſorts:
Among the reſt a Fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendſhip grew.
Says Reynard, 'Tis a cruel caſe,
That man ſhould ſtigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honeſt men and true.
Thus ſlander tries, whate'er it can,
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all diſguiſe;
My honour as my life I prize.
By talk like this, from all miſtruſt
The dog was cur'd, and thought him juſt.
As on a time the Fox held forth
On conſcience, honeſty, and worth,
Sudden he ſtopt; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his bruſhy tail with fear.
Bleſs us! the hunters are abroad.
What's all that clatter on the road?
Hold, ſays the Dog, we're ſafe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a falſe alarm,
At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis ſo (I know her pye-ball'd mare)
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware.
Reynard grew huff. Says he, This ſneer
From you I little thought to hear:
Your meaning in your looks I ſee.
Pray what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner.

Friend,

Friend, quoth the Cur, I meant no harm:
Then why ſo captious? why ſo warm?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for ought I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you.
At this, gall'd Reynard winch'd, and ſwore
Such language ne'er was giv'n before.
What's lamb to me? The ſaucy hint
Shews me, baſe knave, which way you ſquint.
If t'other night your maſter loſt
Three lambs, am I to pay the coſt?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I'm a thief. You Dog, you lie.
Thou knave, thou fool, (the Dog reply'd)
The name is juſt, take either ſide;
Thy guilt theſe applications ſpeak:
Sirrah, 'tis conſcience makes you ſqueak.
So ſaying, on the Fox he flies.
The ſelf-convicted felon dies.

The BEAR in a BOAT.

TO A COXCOMB.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

THAT man muſt daily wiſer grow,
Whoſe ſearch is bent himſelf to know;
Impartially he weighs his ſcope,
And on firm reaſon founds his hope;
He tries his ſtrength before the race,
And never ſeeks his own diſgrace;
He knows the compaſs, ſail and oar,
Or never launches from the ſhore;
Before he builds, computes the coſt,
And in no proud purſuit is loſt:
He learns the bounds of human ſenſe,
And ſafely walks within the fence.
Thus conſcious of his own defect,
Are pride and ſelf-importance check'd.
If then, ſelf-knowledge to purſue
Direct our life in ev'ry view,
Of all the fools that pride can boaſt,
A coxcomb claims diſtinction moſt.

Coxcombs

Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They're not to ſex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or ſmall;
And Vanity beſots 'em all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Thoſe moſt aſſume who know the leaſt;
Their own falſe balance gives 'em weight,
But ev'ry other finds 'em light.
Not that all Coxcombs follies ſtrike;
And draw our ridicule alike;
To diff'rent merits each pretends.
This in love-vanity tranſcends;
That ſmitten with his face and ſhape,
By dreſs diſtinguiſhes the ape;
T'other with learning crams his ſhelf,
Knows books, and all things but himſelf.
All theſe are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition.
For thoſe, puff'd up with flatt'ry, dare
Aſſume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the groſſeſt praiſe miſtruſt,
Their ſycophants ſeem hardly juſt;
For theſe, in part alone, atteſt
The flatt'ry their own thoughts ſuggeſt.
In this wide ſphere a Coxcomb's ſhown
In other realms beſides his own:
The ſelf-deem'd MACHIAVEL at large
By turns controuls in ev'ry charge.
Does commerce ſuffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What ſailor dares diſpute his ſkill?
He'll be an adm'ral when he will.
Now medd'ling in the ſoldier's trade,
Troops muſt be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambaſſadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes muſt ſuffice
The current blunders to diſguiſe.
When his crude ſchemes in air are loſt,
And millions ſcarce defray the coſt,
His arrogance (nought undiſmay'd)
Truſting in ſelf-ſufficient aid,
On other rocks miſguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.

He ne'er ſuſpects his want of ſkill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeſeen event.
Leſt you miſtake the application,
The fable calls me to relation.

A Bear of ſhag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dext'rouſly, and ſafe from harm,
Year after year, he robb'd the ſwarm.
Thus thriving on induſtrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd ſpoil.
This trick ſo ſwell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprize too great.
Alike in ſciences and arts,
He boaſted univerſal parts;
Pragmatic, buſy, buſtling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroul'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.
The beaſts, with admiration, ſtare,
And think him a prodigious bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why, he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd too the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In ev'ry province will preſide.
No taſk too difficult was found:
His blund'ring noſe miſleads the hound.
In ſtratagem and ſubtle arts,
He over-rules the fox's parts.
It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, ſail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the ſhore.
He ſtopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting ſtrain.
What blund'ring puppies are mankind,
In ev'ry ſcience always blind!

I mock

I mock the pedantry of ſchools.
What are their compaſſes and rules?
From me that helm ſhall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance diſcern.
So ſaying, with audacious pride,
He gains the boat, and climbs the ſide.
The beaſts aſtoniſh'd line the ſtrand;
The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land:
The ſlack ſail ſhifts from ſide to ſide;
The boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random toſt,
His oar breaks ſhort, the rudder's loſt.
The Bear, preſuming on his ſkill,
Is here and there officious ſtill;
Till, ſtriking on the dang'rous ſands,
A-ground the ſhatter'd veſſel ſtands.
To ſee the bungler thus diſtreſt,
The very fiſhes ſneer and jeſt.
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clam'rous watermen appear;
Threats, curſes, oaths, inſult his ear:
Seiz'd, threſh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;
Deriſion ſhouts along the ſtrand.

The MAN, the CAT, the DOG, and the FLY.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

HAIL, happy land! whoſe fertile grounds
The liquid fence of NEPTUNE bounds;
By bounteous nature ſet apart,
The ſeat of induſtry and art.
O BRITAIN! choſen port of trade,
May lux'ry ne'er thy ſons invade;
May never miniſter (intent
His private treaſures to augment)
Corrupt thy ſtate. If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppoſe,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't preſcribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighb'ring ſtates contend,
'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.

What

What is't, who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory ſtands.
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffuſing good among mankind:
That firſt gave luſtre to thy reigns,
And ſcatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth ſupplies,
And draws all EUROPE's envious eyes.
Be commerce then thy ſole deſign;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traffic plows the main,
Who ſhares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that ſupports the regal ſtate,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The num'rous flocks, that clothe the land,
Can ſcarce ſupply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harveſt yields.
Nature expects mankind ſhould ſhare
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for ſloth? * To ſome we find
The plow-ſhare's annual toil aſſign'd.
Some at the ſounding anvil glow;
Some the ſwift-ſliding ſhuttle throw:
Some, ſtudious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by induſtry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art:
While ſome, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue aſſiſt mankind:
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's uſeful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
The monarch, when his table's ſpread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And when in all his glory dreſt,
Owes to the loom his royal veſt.
Do not the maſon's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art ſupply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All theſe, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.

* BARROW.

'Tis

'Tis he (his own and people cauſe)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honeſt toil employ,
And with content their fruits enjoy.
In ev'ry rank, or great or ſmall,
'Tis induſtry ſupports us all.
The animals, by want oppreſs'd,
To man their ſervices addreſs'd.
While each purſu'd their ſelfiſh good,
They hunger'd for precarious food.
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;
One day they fed, and ſtarv'd the next.
They ſaw that plenty, ſure and rife,
Was found alone in ſocial life;
That mutual induſtry profeſs'd,
The various wants of man redreſs'd.
The Cat, half famiſh'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to ſpeak.
Well Puſs (ſays Man) and what can you
To benefit the public do?
The Cat replies. Theſe teeth, theſe claws,
With vigilance ſhall ſerve the cauſe.
The mouſe, deſtroy'd by my purſuit,
No longer ſhall your feaſts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuſcade,
With waſteful teeth your ſtores invade.
I grant, ſays Man, to gen'ral uſe
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threſhers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus ſhall the Cat, a foe to ſpoil,
Protect the farmer's honeſt toil.
Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir; be next your merits try'd;
Sir, ſays the Dog, by ſelf-applauſe
We ſeem to own a friendleſs cauſe.
Aſk thoſe who know me, if diſtruſt
E'er found me treach'rous or unjuſt?
Did I e'er faith or friendſhip break?
Aſk all thoſe creatures; let them ſpeak.
My vigilance and truſty zeal
Perhaps might ſerve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in ſafety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?

Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you ſleep?
The Man replies: 'Tis juſt and right,
Reward ſuch ſervice ſhould requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Truſt uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The firſt diſtinction is your due.
Such merits all reward tranſcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend.
Addreſſing now the Fly: From you
What public ſervice can accrue?
From me! (the flutt'ring inſect ſaid)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
That I to induſtry ſubmit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed
By bus'neſs earn ignoble bread.
Loſt in exceſs of daily joys,
No thought, no care my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I ſip the tea's delicious flower.
On cates luxurioufly I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and eaſe,
Myſelf alone I ſeek to pleaſe.
The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the uſeleſs coxcomb chides.
Hence, from that peach, that downy ſeat;
No idle fool deſerves to eat.
Could you have ſapp'd the bluſhing rind,
And on that pulp ambroſial din'd,
Had not ſome hand, with ſkill and toil,
To raiſe the tree, prepar'd the ſoil?
Conſider, ſot, what would enſue,
Were all ſuch worthleſs things as you.
You'd ſoon be forc'd (by hunger ſtung)
To make your dirty meals on dung;
On which ſuch deſpicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Beſides, vain ſelfiſh inſect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong diſcern)
That he who, with induſtrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,

By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly underſtood.
So ſaying, with a ſudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Cruſh'd in his luxury and pride,
The ſpunger on the public dy'd.

The PACK-HORSE and the CARRIER.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

A FABLE. [GAY.]

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To ſuffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for diſreſpect,
If I the flatt'rer's ſtyle reject:
With that, by menial tongues ſupply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.
The tree's diſtinguiſh'd by the fruit.
Be virtue then your firſt purſuit;
Set your great anceſtors in view,
Like them deſerve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions ſcorn:
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Though with leſs plate their ſide-board ſhone,
Their conſcience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption ſtain'd,
The miniſterial bribe diſdain'd;
They ſerv'd the crown with loyal zeal;
Yet jealous of the public weal,
They ſtood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cauſe;
By neither place or penſion bought,
They ſpoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your ſires adorn their ſeat;
And ſuch alone are truly great.
If you the paths of learning ſlight,
You're but a dunce in ſtronger light;
In foremoſt rank, the coward plac'd,
Is more conſpicuouſly diſgrac'd.
If you to ſerve a paltry end,
To knaviſh jobs can condeſcend,

We

We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illuſtrious name?
From virtue and unblemiſh'd fame.
By birth the name alone deſcends;
Your honour on yourſelf depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Aſſuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by ſtudy muſt be won,
'Twas ne'er entail'd from ſon to ſon.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your ſires:
If you degen'rate from your race,
Their merits heighten your diſgrace.

A Carrier, ev'ry night and morn,
Would ſee his horſes eat their corn:
This ſunk the hoſtler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horſes had their due.
Were we ſo cautious in all caſes,
Small gain would riſe from greater places.
The manger now had all it's meaſure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleaſure:
When all at once confuſion rung;
They ſnorted, joſtled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-horſe turn'd his head aſide,
Foaming, his eye-balls ſwell'd with pride.
Good gods! (ſays he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high deſcent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and diſgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)
Muſt I too bear the vile attacks
Of ragged ſcrubs, and vulgar hacks?
See ſcurvy ROAN, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thruſt my head!
Shall I, who boaſt a noble line,
On offals of theſe creatures dine?
Kick'd by old BALL! ſo mean a foe!
My honour ſuffers by the blow.
NEWMARKET ſpeaks my grandſire's fame,
All jockies ſtill revere his name:
There yearly are his triumphs told,
There all his maſſy plates enroll'd.

Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You ſaw him with a liv'ry train;
Returning too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets ſound.
Let it then, Sir, be underſtood,
Reſpect's my due; for I have blood.
Vain-glorious fool! (the Carrier cry'd)
Reſpect was never paid to pride.
Know, 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this ſlaviſh part.
Did not thy headſtrong youth diſdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolicks fancy ſpirit.
What is't to me by whom begot?
Thou reſtiff, pert, conceited ſot,
Your ſires I rev'rence; 'tis their due:
But worthleſs fool, what's that to you?
Aſk all the Carriers on the road,
They'll ſay thy keeping's ill beſtow'd.
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy ſtrength or pace.
What profits me thy boaſt of blood?
An aſs hath more intrinſic good.
By outward ſhew let's not be cheated;
An aſs ſhould like an aſs be treated.

The APE, the PARROT, and the JACK-DAW.

A FABLE. [WILKIE.]

I Hold it raſh at any time
To deal with fools diſpos'd to rhime;
Diſſuaſive arguments provoke
Their utmoſt rage as ſoon as ſpoke:
Encourage them, and for a day
Or two you're ſafe by giving way;
But when they find themſelves betray'd,
On you at laſt the blame is laid.
They hate and ſcorn you as a traitor,
The common lot of thoſe who flatter.
But can a ſcribbler, Sir, be ſhunn'd?
What will you do when teaz'd and dunn'd?

When watch'd, and caught, and cloſely preſs'd,
When complimented and careſs'd:
When Bavius greets you with a bow,
"Sir, pleaſe to read a line or two."
If you approve and ſay they're clever,
"You make me happy, Sir, for ever."
What can be done? the caſe is plain,
No methods of eſcape remain:
You're fairly noos'd, and muſt conſent
To bear, what nothing can prevent,
A coxcomb's anger; and your fate
Will be to ſuffer ſoon or late.

An Ape that was the ſole delight
Of an old woman day and night,
Indulg'd at table and in bed,
Attended like a child and fed:
Who knew each trick, and twenty more
Than ever Monkey play'd before,
At laſt grew frantic and wou'd try,
In ſpite of nature's laws, to fly.
Oft from the window would he view
The paſſing ſwallows as they flew,
Obſerve them flutt'ring round the walls,
Or gliding o'er the ſmooth canals:
He too muſt fly, and cope with theſe;
For this and nothing elſe would pleaſe:
Oft thinking from the window's height,
Three ſtories down, to take his flight:
He ſtill was ſomething loth to venture,
As tending ſtrongly to the center:
And knowing that the leaſt miſtake
Might coſt a limb, perhaps his neck:
The caſe you'll own was ſomething nice;
He thought it beſt to aſk advice;
And to the Parrot ſtraight applying,
Allow'd to be a judge of flying,
He thus began: "you'll think me rude,
Forgive me if I do intrude,
For you alone my doubts can clear
In ſomething that concerns me near:
Do you imagine, if I try,
That I ſhall e'er attain to fly?
The projects whimſical, no doubt,
But ere you cenſure hear me out:

That liberty's our greateſt bleſſing
You'll grant me without farther preſſing;
To live confin'd, 'tis plain and clear,
Is ſomething very hard to bear:
This you muſt know, who for an age
Have been kept pris'ner in a cage,
Deny'd the privilege to ſoar
With boundleſs freedom as before.
I have, 'tis true, much greater ſcope
Than you, my friend, can ever hope;
I traverſe all the houſe, and play
My tricks and gambols every day:
Oft with my miſtreſs in a chair
I ride abroad to take the air;
Make viſits with her, walk at large,
A maid or footman's conſtant charge.
Yet this is nothing, for I find
Myſelf ſtill hamper'd and confin'd;
A grov'ling thing: I fain would riſe
Above the earth and mount the ſkies:
The meaneſt birds, and inſects too,
This feat with greateſt eaſe can do.
To that gay creature turn about
That's beating on the pane without;
'Ten days ago, perhaps but five,
A worm, it ſcarcely ſeem'd alive:
By threads ſuſpended, tough and ſmall,
'Midſt duſty cobwebs on a wall;
Now dreſs'd in all the different dies
That vary in the ev'ning ſkies,
He ſoars at large, and on the wing
Enjoys with freedom all the ſpring;
Skims the freſh lakes, and riſing ſees
Beneath him far the loftieſt trees;
And when he reſts he makes his bow'r
The cup of ſome delicious flow'r.
Shall creatures ſo obſcurely bred,
On mere corruption nurs'd and fed,
A glorious privilege obtain,
Which I can never hope to gain?
Shall I, like man's imperial race
In manners, cuſtoms, ſhape, and face,
Expert in all ingenious tricks,
To tumble, dance, and leap o'er ſticks;

Who know to ſooth and coaxe my betters,
And match a beau, at leaſt in letters;
Shall I deſpair and never try
(What meaneſt inſects can) to fly?
Say, mayn't I, without dread or care,
At once commit me to the air,
And not fall down and break my bones
Upon thoſe hard and flinty ſtones?
Say, if to ſtir my limbs before
Will make me glide along or ſoar?
All things, they ſay, are learn'd by trying;
No doubt it is the ſame with flying.
I wait your judgment with reſpect,
And ſhall proceed as you direct.
Poor Poll, with gen'rous pity mov'd,
The Ape's fond raſhneſs thus reprov'd;
For, tho' inſtructed by mankind,
Her tongue to candour ſtill inclin'd.
My friend, the privilege to riſe
Above the earth, and mount the ſkies,
Is glorious ſure, and 'tis my fate
To feel the want on't with regret;
A pris'ner to a cage confin'd,
Tho' wing'd and of the flying kind.
With you the caſe is not the ſame,
You're quite terreſtrial by your frame,
And ſhould be perfectly content
With your peculiar element:
You have no wings, I pray reflect,
To lift you and your courſe direct;
Thoſe arms of yours will never do,
Not twenty in the place of two;
They ne'er can lift you from the ground,
For broad and long, they're thick and round;
And therefore if you chooſe the way,
To leap the window, as you ſay,
'Tis certain that you'll be the jeſt
Of every inſect, bird, and beaſt:
When you lie batter'd by your fall
Juſt at the bottom of the wall.
Be prudent, then, improve the pow'rs
Which nature gives in place of ours.
You'll find them readily conduce
At once to pleaſure and to uſe.

But airy whims and crotchets lead
To certain loſs, and ne'er ſucceed.
As folks, tho' inly vex'd and teaz'd,
Will oft ſeem ſatisfy'd and pleas'd;
The Ape approv'd of every word,
At this time utter'd by the bird:
But nothing in opinion chang'd,
Thought only how to be reveng'd.
It happen'd when the day was fair,
That Poll was ſet to take the air,
Juſt where the Monkey oft ſat poring
About experiments in ſoaring:
Diſſembling his contempt and rage,
He ſtept up ſoftly to the cage,
And with a ſly malicious grin,
Accoſted thus the bird within.
You ſay I am not form'd for flight;
In this you certainly are right:
'Tis very plain upon reflection,
But to yourſelf there's no objection,
Since flying is the very trade
For which the winged race is made;
And therefore for our mutual ſport,
I'll make you fly, you can't be hurt.
With that he ſlyly ſlipt the ſtring
Which held the cage up by the ring.
In vain the Parrot begg'd and pray'd,
No word was minded that ſhe ſaid;
Down went the cage, and on the ground
Bruis'd and half dead poor Poll was found.
Pug who for ſome time had attended
To that alone which now was ended,
Again had leiſure to purſue
The project he had firſt in view.
Quoth he, A perſon if he's wiſe
Will only with his friends adviſe,
They know his temper and his parts,
And have his int'reſt near their hearts.
In matters which he ſhou'd forbear,
They'll hold him back with prudent care,
But never from an envious ſpirit
Forbid him to diſplay his merit;
Or judging wrong, from ſpleen and hate
His talents ſlight or under-rate:

Facted ſure with ſmall reflection
In aſking counſel and direction
From a ſly minion, whom I know
To be my rival and my foe:
One who will conſtantly endeavour
To hurt me in our lady's favour,
And watch and plot to keep me down,
From obvious intereſts of her own:
But on the top of that old tow'r
An honeſt Daw has made his bow'r;
A faithful friend whom one may truſt,
My debtor too for many a cruſt;
Which in the window oft I lay
For him to come and take away:
From gratitude no doubt he'll give
Such counſel as I may receive;
Well back'd with reaſons ſtrong and plain
To puſh me forward or reſtrain.
One morning, when the Daw appear'd,
The project was propos'd and heard:
And tho' the bird was much ſurpriz'd
To find friend Pug ſo ill advis'd,
He rather choſe that he ſhould try
At his own proper riſk to fly,
Than hazard, in a caſe ſo nice,
To ſhock him by too free advice.
Quoth he, I'm certain that you'll find
The project anſwer to your mind;
Without ſuſpicion, dread or care,
At once commit you to the air;
You'll ſoar aloft, or, if you pleaſe,
Proceed ſtraight forwards at your eaſe:
The whole depends on reſolution,
Which you poſſeſs from conſtitution;
And if you follow as I lead,
'Tis paſt a doubt you muſt ſucceed.
So ſaying, from the turret's height,
The Jackdaw ſhot with downward flight,
And on the edge of a canal,
Some fifty paces from the wall,
'Lighted obſequious to attend
The Monkey when he ſhould deſcend:
But he, although he had believ'd
The flatterer, and was deceiv'd,

Felt ſome miſgivings at his heart
In vent'ring on ſo new an art:
But yet at laſt 'tween hope and fear
Himſelf he truſted to the air,
But far'd like him whom poets mention
With Dædalus's old invention:
Directly downwards on his head
He fell, and lay an hour for dead.
The various creatures in the place,
Had different thoughts upon the caſe;
From ſome his fate compaſſion drew,
But thoſe I muſt confeſs were few;
The reſt eſteem'd him rightly ſerv'd,
And in the manner he deſerv'd,
For playing tricks beyond his ſphere,
Nor thought the puniſhment ſevere.
They gather'd round him as he lay,
And jeer'd him when he limp'd away.
Pug diſappointed thus and hurt,
And grown beſides the public ſport,
Found all his diff'rent paſſions change
At once to fury and revenge:
The Daw 'twas uſeleſs to purſue,
His helpleſs brood, as next in view,
With unrelenting paws he ſeiz'd,
One's neck he wrung, another ſqueez'd,
Till of the number four or five,
No ſingle bird was left alive.
Thus counſellors, in all regards
Tho' diff'rent, meet with like rewards:
The ſtory ſhews the certain fate
Of every mortal ſoon or late,
Whoſe evil genius for his crimes
Connects with any fop that rhimes.

The YOUTH and the PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE. [W. WHITEHEAD.]

A Grecian youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel.

And

And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they expreſs'd
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.
At length quite vain, he needs would ſhew
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtarted at the ſight;
The Muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire.
Howe'er the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car,
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crowds with eager eyes,
And ſhouts, purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain,
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again,
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me (and ſigh'd).
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away.
The time profuſely ſquander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the ſtate.

The BEE, the ANT, and the SPARROW.

A FABLE.

Addreſs'd to PHEBE and KITTY C. at Boarding-School.

MY dears, 'tis ſaid in days of old,
That beaſts could talk, and birds could ſcold.
But now it ſeems the human race
Alone engroſs the ſpeaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reaſon'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtleſs grant
That Phe's the wiſe induſtrious Ant.
And all with half an eye may ſee
That Kitty is the buſy Bee.
Here then are two—but where's the third?
Go ſearch your ſchool, you'll find the bird.
Your ſchool! I aſk your pardon fair,
I'm ſure you'll find no ſparrow there.
Now to my tale—One ſummer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to huſband every hour,
And make the moſt of every flow'r.
Nimble from ſtalk to ſtalk ſhe flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artiſt builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home:
Or from the cowſlip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells:
Or every tempting roſe purſues,
Or ſips the lilly's fragrant dews;
Yet never robs the ſhining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus ſhe diſcharg'd in every way
The various duties of the day.
It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whoſe brow was wrinkled o'er by care:
A great œconomiſt was ſhe,
Nor leſs laborious than the Bee;

By

By penſive parents often taught
What ills ariſe from want of thought;
That poverty on ſloth depends,
On poverty the loſs of friends.
Hence every day the Ant is found
With anxious ſteps to tread the ground;
With curious ſearch to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.
The active Bee with pleaſure ſaw
The Ant fulfill her parents' law.
Ah! ſiſter-labourer, ſays ſhe,
How very fortunate are we!
Who taught in infancy to know
The comforts, which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and ſtate.
Why is our food ſo very ſweet?
Becauſe we earn, before we eat.
Why are our wants ſo very few?
Becauſe we nature's calls purſue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Becauſe we act our parts aſſign'd.
Have we inceſſant taſks to do?
Is not all nature buſy too?
Doth not the ſun, with conſtant pace,
Perſiſt to run his annual race?
Do not the ſtars, which ſhine ſo bright,
Renew their courſes every night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous ſteed
Withhold his labour or his ſpeed?
If you all nature's ſyſtem ſcan,
The only idle thing is man.
A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their ſage diſcourſe, and ſtraight drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert and very proud;
As worthleſs and as vain a thing,
Perhaps as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a ſpray ſhe ſat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their ſcheme:

Such talk was hateful to her breaſt,
She thought them arrant prudes at beſt.
When to diſplay her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
She view'd the Ant with ſavage eyes,
And hopt and hopt to ſnatch her prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
And gueſs'd her fell deſign to kill;
Ask'd her from what her anger roſe,
And why ſhe treated Ants as foes?
The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the converſation ran.
Whenever I'm diſpos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every inſect made for me.
Hence oft I ſearch the emmet brood,
For emmets are delicious food:
And oft in wantonneſs and play,
I ſlay ten thouſand in a day.
For truth it is, without diſguiſe,
That I love miſchief as my eyes.
Oh! fie, the honeſt Bee reply'd,
I fear you make baſe man your guide;
Of every creature ſure the worſt,
Though in creation's ſcale the firſt!
Ungrateful man! 'tis ſtrange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile adminiſtration,
And ſo do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the Eagle from the Wren!
O! do not men's example take,
Who miſchief do for miſchief's ſake;
But ſpare the Ant——her worth demands
Eſteem and friendſhip at your hands.
A mind with every virtue bleſt,
Muſt raiſe compaſſion in your breaſt.
Virtue! rejoin'd the ſneering bird,
Where did you learn that gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But ſay it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns diſavow the name;

Unleſs,

Unleſs, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is ſeen
To play the goddeſs or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags,
At beſt 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides,
Indeed you make me burſt my ſides.
Truſt me, Miſs Bee——to ſpeak the truth,
I've copied men from earlieſt youth;
The ſame our taſte, the ſame our ſchool,
Paſſion and appetite our rule.
And call me bird, or call me ſinner,
I'll ne'er forego my ſport or dinner.
A prowling cat the miſcreant ſpies,
And wide expands her amber eyes:
Near and more near Grimalkin draws,
She wags her tail, protends her paws:
Then ſpringing on her thoughtleſs prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.
Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked wanton Sparrow dy'd.

The BEARS and BEES.

A FABLE. [MERRICK.]

AS two young bears in wanton mood,
Forth iſſuing from a neighbouring wood,
Came where th' induſtrious Bees had ſtor'd
In artful cells their luſcious hoard;
O'erjoy'd they ſeiz'd with eager haſte
Luxurious on the rich repaſt.
Alarm'd at this the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beaſts unable to ſuſtain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native ſhelter they regain;
There ſit, and now diſcreeter grown,
Too late their raſhneſs they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain,
That pleaſure's ever bought with pain.

So when the gilded baits of vice
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
With greedy haſte we ſnatch our fill,
And ſwallow down the latent ill;
But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancy'd pleaſure flies.
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real ſting behind.

The CAMELION.

[MERRICK.]

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking ſpark,
With eyes, that hardly ſerv'd at moſt
To guard their maſter 'gainſt a poſt,
Yet round the world the blade has been
To ſee whatever could be ſeen,
Returning from his finiſh'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will ſtop,
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've ſeen—and ſure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due ſubmiſſion,
And acquieſce in his deciſion.
Two travellers of ſuch a caſt,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they paſt,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this and then of that,
Diſcours'd a while 'mongſt other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.
"A ſtranger animal, cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the ſun:
"A lizard's body lean and long,
"A fiſh's head, a ſerpent's tongue,
"Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How ſlow its pace! and then its hue—
"Who ever ſaw ſo fine a blue?"
"Hold there, the other quick replies,
"'Tis green,—I ſaw it with theſe eyes,

"As

"As late with open mouth it lay,
"And warm'd it in the ſunny ray;
"Stretch'd at its eaſe the beaſt I view'd,
"And ſaw it eat the air for food."
"I've ſeen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And muſt again affirm it blue.
"At leiſure I the beaſt ſurvey'd
"Extended in the cooling ſhade."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I aſſure ye—
"Green! cries the other in a fury—
"Why, Sir,—d'ye think I've loſt my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loſs, the friend replies,
"For, if they always ſerve you thus,
"You'll find 'em but of little uſe."
So high at laſt the conteſt roſe,
From words they almoſt came to blows:
When luckily came by a third—
To him the queſtion they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs, cries the umpire, ceaſe your pother—
"The creature's neither one nor t' other.
"I caught the animal laſt night,
"And view'd it o'er by candle light:
"I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
"You ſtare—but Sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it." "Pray, Sir, do:
"I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."
"And I'll be ſworn, that when you've ſeen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well then, at once, to eaſe the doubt,
"Replies the man, I'll turn him out:
"And when before your eyes I've ſet him,
"If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He ſaid; then full before their ſight
Produc'd the beaſt, and lo!——'twas white.
Both ſtar'd, the man look'd wond'rous wiſe—
"My children," the Camelion cries,
(Then firſt the creature found a tongue)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
"When next you talk of what you view,
"Think others ſee, as well as you:
"Nor wonder, if you find that none
"Prefers your eye ſight to his own."

The MONKIES.

A TALE. [MERRICK.]

WHoe'er with curious eye has rang'd
Through Ovid's tales, has ſeen
How Jove, incens'd, to monkies chang'd
A tribe of worthleſs men.

Repentant ſoon th' offending race
Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
To give them back the human face,
And reaſon's aid reſtore.

Jove, ſooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r;
But t'other half he bade the wind
Diſperſe in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
That ſhook the vaulted ſkies,
With haughtier air the creatures ſtrode,
And ſtretch'd their dwindled ſize.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
Around their temples ſpread;
The tail that whilom hung below,
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face;
It ſtill retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd and half the ſame,
Jove bade them take their place,
(Reſtoring them their ancient claim)
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute ſurvey'd,
Nor would a name beſtow;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a beau.

The GOLDFINCHES.

An ELEGY. [JAGO.]

Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros.

TO you, whoſe groves protect the feather'd quires,
Who lend their artleſs notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taſte inſpires,
The Doric ſtrain belongs; O Shenſtone, hear.

'Twas gentle ſpring, when all the tuneful race,
By nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine:
A Goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And hearts and fortunes with her mate to join.

Through nature's ſpacious walks at large they rang'd,
No ſettled haunts, no fix'd abode their aim;
As chance or fancy led, their path they chang'd,
Themſelves in ev'ry vary'd ſcene the ſame.

'Till on a day to weighty cares reſign'd,
With mutual choice, alternate, they agreed
On rambling thoughts no more to turn their mind,
But ſettle ſoberly, and raiſe a breed.

All in a garden, on a currant buſh,
With wond'rous art they built their waving ſeat:
In the next orchat liv'd a friendly thruſh,
Nor diſtant far, a woodlark's ſoft retreat.

Here bleſt with eaſe, and in each other bleſt,
With early ſongs they wak'd the ſprightly groves,
'Till time matur'd their bliſs, and crown'd their neſt
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what tranſport glow'd in either's eye!
What equal fondneſs dealt th' allotted food!
What joy each others likeneſs to deſcry,
And future ſonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happineſs can laſt?
How does the faireſt purpoſe often fail?
A truant School-boy's wantonneſs could blaſt
Their riſing hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The moſt ungentle of his tribe was he;
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart:
With concords falſe, and hideous proſody
He ſcrawl'd his taſk, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On barb'rous plunder bent, with ſavage eye
He mark'd where wrapt in down the younglings lay,
Then ruſhing ſeiz'd the wretched family,
And bore them in his impious hands away.

But how ſhall I relate in numbers rude
The pangs for poor * Chryſomitris decreed!
When from a neighb'ring ſpray aghaſt ſhe view'd
The ſavage ruffian's inauſpicious deed!

So wrapt in grief ſome heart-ſtruck matron ſtands,
While horrid flames ſurround her children's room!
On heav'n ſhe calls, and wrings her trembling hands;
Conſtrain'd to ſee, but not prevent their doom.

" O grief of griefs! with ſhrieking voice ſhe cry'd,
" What ſight is this that I have liv'd to ſee?
" O that I had a maiden-goldfinch died,
" From love's falſe joys, and bitter ſorrows free!

" Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
" Was it for this, I pois'd th' unwieldly ſtraw?
" For this I pick'd the moſs from yonder hill?
" Nor ſhun'd the pond'rous chat along to draw?

" Was it for this, I cull'd the wool with care;
" And ſtrove with all my ſkill our work to crown?
" For this, with pain I bent the ſtubborn hair;
" And lin'd our cradle with the thiſtle's down?

" Was it for this, my freedom I reſign'd;
" And ceas'd to rove from beauteous plain to plain?
" For this, I ſat at home whole days confin'd,
" And bore the ſcorching heat, and pealing rain?

" Was it for this, my watchful eyes grew dim?
" The crimſon roſes on my cheek turn'd pale?
" Pale is my golden plumage, once ſo trim;
" And all my wonted ſpirits 'gin to fail.

" O

* Chryſomitris, it ſeems, is the name for a goldfinch.

" O Plunderer vile! O more than weezel fell!
" More treach'rous than the cat with prudiſh face!
" More fierce than kites with whom the furies dwell!
" More pilf'ring than the cuckow's prowling race!

" For thee may plumb or gooſb'ry never grow,
" No juicy currant cool thy clammy throat:
" But bloody birch-twigs work thee ſhameful woe,
" Nor ever goldfinch cheer thee with her note."

Thus ſang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd:
Then ſide by ſide they ſought the diſtant vale,
And there in ſilent ſadneſs inly mourn'd.

An ODE on the HEAVENLY BODIES.

[ADDISON.]

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled Heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark, terreſtrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
" The hand that made us is Divine."

A HYMN on GRATITUDE.

[ADDISON.]

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe:

II.

O how ſhall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

An ODE on PROVIDENCE.

[ADDISON.]

I.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is there defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their guide
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy ſweeten'd every ſoil,
Made every region pleaſe,
The hoary *Alpine-Hills* it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the *Tyrrhene*-ſeas.

Think,

IV.

Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended deep,
In all its horrors riſe.

V.

Confuſion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs
O'er-came the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free,
Whilſt in the confidence of prayer,
My ſoul took hold on thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful whirles we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

IX.

In midſt of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore;
And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my ſoul to thee.

ODE to SPRING.

[Miſs CARTER.]

YOUTH of the year, delightful Spring!
Thy bleſt return on genial wing
Inſpires my languid lays;
No more I ſleep in ſloth ſupine,
When all creation at thy ſhrine
Its annual tribute pays.

Eſcap

Eſcap'd from winter's freezing pow'r
Each bloſſom greets thee, and each flow'r;
And, foremoſt of the train,
By nature (artleſs handmaid) dreſt
The ſnow-drop comes in lillied veſt
Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now ſtrains her tuneful throat,
And ev'ry loud, and ſprightly note
Calls echo from her cell;
Be warn'd, ye maids, that liſten round,
A beauteous nymph became a ſound,
The nymph, who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd ſun, with warmth benign,
Bids tree and ſhrub, and ſwelling vine,
Their infant buds diſplay:
Again the ſtreams refreſh the plains,
Which winter bound in icy chains,
And ſparkling bleſs his ray.

Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
And inſtant glows th' enamell'd ground
With nature's varied hues;
Not ſo returns our youth decay'd,
Alas! nor air, nor ſun, nor ſhade
The ſpring of life renews.

The ſun's too quick revolving beam
A-pace diſſolves the human dream,
And brings th' appointed hour;
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly waſted day,
No longer in our pow'r.

Then happieſt he, whoſe lengthen'd ſight
Purſues by virtue's conſtant light
A hope beyond the ſkies;
Where frowning winter ne'er ſhall come,
But roſy ſpring for ever bloom,
And ſuns eternal riſe.

The EMPLOYMENTS of a COUNTRY LIFE.

[GAY.]

'TIS not that rural ſports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight:

Here

Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And ſtrings the ſinews of th' induſtrious ſwain.
Soon as the morning lark ſalutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the freſh ſpring in all her ſtate is crown'd,
And high luxuriant graſs o'erſpreads the ground,
The lab'rer with the bending ſcythe is ſeen,
Shaving the ſurface of the waving green,
Of all her native pride diſrobes the land,
And meads lays waſte before his ſweeping hand;
While with the mounting ſun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he looſely throws;
But if ſome ſign portend a laſting ſhow'r,
Th' experienc'd ſwain foreſees the coming hour,
His ſun-burnt hands the ſcatt'ring fork forſake,
And ruddy damſels ply the ſaving rake;
In riſing hills the fragrant harveſt grows,
And ſpreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirſty plains,
When heifers ſeek the ſhade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way baſks the ſnake;
O lead me, guard me from the ſultry hours,
Hide me, ye foreſts, in your cloſeſt bowers:
Where the tall oak his ſpreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual ſhade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazle overhangs the ſtreams,
Whoſe rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood reſound;
Upon the moſſy couch my limbs I caſt,
And ev'n at noon the ſweets of ev'ning taſte.

Here I peruſe the Mantuan's Georgic ſtrains,
And learn the labours of Italian ſwains;
In ev'ry page I ſee new landſcapes riſe,
And all Heſperia opens to my eyes.
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different ſoil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That ſpreading trees with bluſhing fruit adorn:

Here I ſurvey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and riſe in graceful row:
Now I behold the ſteed curvet and bound,
And paw with reſtleſs hoof the ſmoaking ground.

The careful inſect 'midſt his works I view,
Now from the flow'rs exhauſt the fragrant dew;
With golden treaſures load his little thighs,
And ſteer his diſtant journey through the ſkies;
Some againſt hoſtile drones the hive defend;
Others with ſweets the waxen cells diſtend:
Each in the toil his deſtin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty ſoul appears.
Or when the ploughman leaves the taſk of day,
And trudging homeward whiſtles on the way;
When the big udder'd cows with patience ſtand,
Waiting the ſtroakings of the damſel's hand;
No warbling chears the woods; the feather'd choir
To court kind ſlumbers to their ſprays retire;
When no rude gale diſturbs the ſleeping trees,
Nor aſpen leaves confeſs the gentleſt breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I ſtray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the ſun his glory hides,
A ſtreak of gold the ſea and ſky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings ſhow,
And edg'd with flames rolls ev'ry wave below:
Here penſive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the diſtant billow loſe my ſight.

Now night in ſilent ſtate begins to riſe,
And twinkling orbs beſtrow th' uncloudy ſkies;
Her borrow'd luſtre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the ſpacious air,
Which round their ſuns their annual circle ſteer,
Sweet contemplation elevates my ſenſe,
While I ſurvey the works of providence.
O could the muſe in loftier ſtrains rehearſe
The glorious Author of the univerſe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vaſt ocean bounds,
And circumſcribes the floating worlds their rounds,
My ſoul ſhould overflow in ſongs of praiſe,
And my Creator's name inſpire my lays!

The HAPPINESS of a COUNTRY-LIFE

[GAY.]

O Happy plains, remote from wars alarms,
And all the ravages of hoſtile arms!
And happy ſhepherds, who ſecure from fear,
On open downs preſerve your fleecy care!
Whoſe ſpacious barns groan with increaſing ſtore,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
No barb'rous ſoldier, bent on cruel ſpoil,
Spreads deſolation o'er your fertile ſoil;
No trampling ſteed lays waſte the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons caſt their blaze afar,
The dreadful ſignal of invaſive war;
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his ſwooning fair.

What happineſs the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day ſhe ſpends!
She gratefully receives what heav'n has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happineſs, and ſuch unblemiſh'd fame,
Ne'er glad the boſom of the courtly dame)
She never feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her veins;
She never loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe:
Her home-ſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs;
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt;
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's ſoft paſſion in her boſom reign,
An equal paſſion warms her happy ſwain;
No home-bred jars her quiet ſtate controul,
Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul;
With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race
Hang on her breaſt, and her ſmall cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their buſy fingers cull,
Or from the ſpindle draw the length'ning wool:
Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noiſe and ſtriſe,
The kind rewarders of induſtrious life;
Ye ſhady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the muſe and love;
Ye murm'ring ſtreams that in meanders roll,
The ſweet compoſers of the penſive ſoul,
Farewell.——The city calls me from your bow'rs:
Farewell amuſing thoughts and peaceful hours.

The ADVANTAGES of WALKING:

The miſerable FATE of a BEAU.

[GAY.]

O Ye aſſociate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your ſtate what happineſs attends!
What, tho' no coach to frequent viſit rolls,
Nor for your ſhilling chairmen ſling their poles;
Yet ſtill your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your ſaffron eye;
No waſting cough diſcharges ſounds of death,
Nor wheezing aſthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your reſtleſs couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or ſedentary ſtone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the ſtreet,
And truſt their ſafety to another's feet.
Still let me walk; for oft the ſudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and ſhifts the dang'rous ſail.
Then ſhall the paſſenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithleſs oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel ſpurns,
The glaſſes ſhatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've ſeen a beau, in ſome ill fated hour,
When o'er the ſtones choak'd kennels ſwell the ſhow'r,
In gilded chariot loll; he with diſdain
Views ſpatter'd paſſengers all drench'd in rain;
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing ſteeds, lac'd charioteer!

The duſtman laſhes on with ſpiteful rage,
His ponderous ſpokes thy painted wheel engage,
Cruſh'd is thy pride, down falls the ſhrieking beau,
The ſlabby pavement cryſtal fragments ſtrow,
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat diſgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the ſon of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;
The headſtrong courſers tore the ſilver reins,
And the ſun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

PANACEA.

OR, THE GRAND RESTORATIVE.

[GRAVES.]

WELCOME to Baia's ſtreams, ye ſons of ſpleen,
Who rove from ſpa to ſpa—to ſhift the ſcene.
While round the ſtreaming fount you idly throng,
Come, learn a wholeſome ſecret from my ſong.

Ye fair, whoſe roſes feel th' approaching froſt,
And drops ſupply the place of ſpirits loſt:
Ye 'ſquires, who rack'd with gouts, at heav'n repine,
Condemn'd to water for exceſs in wine:
Ye portly cits, ſo corpulent and full,
Who eat and drink 'till appetite grows dull:
For whets and bitters then unſtring the purſe,
Whilſt nature more oppreſt grows worſe and worſe:
Dupes to the craft of pill-preſcribing leaches:
You nod or laugh at what the parſon preaches:
Hear then a rhiming-quack, who ſpurns your wealth,
And gratis gives a ſure receipt for health.
No more thus vainly rove o'er ſea and land,
When lo! a ſovereign remedy's at hand;
'Tis temperance—ſtale cant!—'Tis faſting then;
Heav'n's antidote againſt the ſins of men.
Foul luxury's the cauſe of all your pain:
To ſcour th' obſtructed glands, abſtain! abſtain!
Faſt and take reſt, ye candidates for ſleep,
Who from high food tormenting vigils keep:
Faſt and be fat—thou ſtarveling in a gown;
Ye bloated, faſt—'twill ſurely bring you down.

Ye

Ye nymphs that pine o'er chocolate and rolls,
Hence take freſh bloom, freſh vigour to your ſouls.
Faſt and fear not—you'll need no drop nor pill:
Hunger *may* ſtarve, exceſs is *ſure* to kill.

CLAUDIAN's OLD MAN OF VERONA.

[COWLEY.]

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' incloſure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the ſame humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his firſt riſing infancy has known,
And by degrees ſees gently bending down,
With natural propenſion, to that earth
Which both preſerv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no falſe diſtant lights, by fortune ſet,
Could ever into fooliſh wand'rings get.
He never dangers either ſaw or fear'd:
The dreadful ſtorms at ſea he never heard.
He never heard the ſhrill alarms of war,
Or the worſe noiſes of the lawyers bar.
No change of conſuls marks to him the year,
The change of ſeaſons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and ſummer ſhows;
Autumn by fruits, ſpring by flowers he knows.
He meaſures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with himſelf, he ſees,
And loves his own contemporary trees.
He has only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-ſea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and ſtrength he to a third age enjoys,
And ſees a long poſterity of boys.
About the ſpacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longeſt made at home.

On SOLITUDE.

[COWLEY.]

I.

HAIL, old patrician trees, ſo great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!

Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet neſts and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

II.

Hail, the poor muſes richeſt manor ſeat!
Ye country houſes and retreat,
Which all the happy gods ſo love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

III.

Here nature does a houſe for me erect;
Nature the wiſeſt architect,
Who thoſe fond artiſts does deſpiſe
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

IV.

Here, let me, careleſs and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the ſoft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs diſpute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myſelf, too, mute.

V.

A ſilver ſtream ſhall roul his waters near,
Gilt with the ſun-beams here and there,
On whoſe enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And ſee how prettily they ſmile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

VI.

Ah wretched and too ſolitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of't many a day,
Unleſs he call in ſin or vanity
To help to bear't away.

VII.

Oh ſolitude, firſt ſtate of human-kind!
Which bleſt remain'd, till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company.
As ſoon as two (alas!) together join'd,
The ſerpent made up three.

VIII.

Tho' God himſelf, through countleſs ages, thee
His ſole companion choſe to be,
Thee, ſacred ſolitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou

IX.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)
Doſt break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which elſe would know no ſettled pace,
Making it move well manag'd by thy art,
With ſwiftneſs and with grace.

X.

Thou the faint beams of reaſon's ſcatter'd light
Doſt, like a burning glaſs, unite,
Doſt multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the ſtrength, till thou doſt bright
And noble fires beget.

XI.

Whilſt this hard truth I teach, methinks, I ſee
The monſter London laugh at me;
I ſhould at thee too, fooliſh city;
If it were fit to laugh at miſery;
But thy eſtate I pity.

XII.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee ſo,
Even thou, who doſt thy millions boaſt,
A village leſs than Iſlington will grow,
A ſolitude almoſt.

The HERMIT.

[PARNELL.]

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from Man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, 'till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,

Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the *Southern* ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my ſon! the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe:
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from the thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the *Zephyrs* play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call,
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His *Cup* was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Glift'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the ſire, when far upon the road,
The ſhining Spoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud a-croſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wan'dring pair retreat
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the *Miſer*'s heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew,
The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:

Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face!
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That *Cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim*'s boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,

When

When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world renew'd by calm repoſe
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch!—— but ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Though loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)
Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:

Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky:
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—Thy fellow-ſervant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred Majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.
The *Great*, *Vain Man*, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry-ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the *Cup*, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.
The mean, ſuſpicious *Wretch*, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the Cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.
Long had our *pious Friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe *Servant* ſped in ſafety back?
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity wou'd fail!
Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy mind: This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring, as the *Seraph* flew.
Thus look'd *Eliſha*, when to mount on high
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

A FAIRY TALE, in the ancient Engliſh Stile.

[PARNELL.]

IN *Britain*'s iſle and *Arthur*'s days,
When midnight *Faeries* daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd *Edwin* of the green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe and truth,
Tho' badly ſhap'd he been.

His mountain-back mote well be ſaid
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above:
Yet ſpite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of *Edith*'s eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir *Topaz* dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape cou'd win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my ſong)
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light:

'Twas near an old enchaunted court,
Where ſportive *Faeries* made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds encreaſe,
And from the corner where he lay
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me *Gentles!*) never yet
Was dight a maſking half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a *Gallant* dreſt
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cry'd;
What *Mortal* of a wretched mind,
Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide?

At this the *Swain*, whoſe vent'rous ſoul
No fears of *Magick* art controul,
Advanc'd in open ſight;
'Nor have I cauſe of dread, he ſaid,
'Who view (by no preſumption led)
'Your revels of the night.

'Twas

'Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
'Which made my ſteps unweeting rove
'Amid the nightly dew.'
'Tis well, the *Gallant* cries again,
We *Faeries* never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the taſk, or ere we part,
To make thee grief reſign;
Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce;
Whilſt I with *Mab* my partner daunce,
Be little *Mable* thine.

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſick floats in wanton air:
The *Monarch* leads the *Queen:*
The reſt their *Faerie* partners found,
And *Mable* trimly tript the ground
With *Edwin* of the green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſicker ſuch a feaſt was made
As heart and lip deſire;
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But now to pleaſe the *Faerie king*,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and ſing,
And antick feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In *Edwin*'s wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at laſt that *Robin* hight,
(Renown'd for pinching maids by night)
As hent him up aloof;
And full againſt the beam he flung,
Where by the back the *Youth* he hung,
To ſprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverſe my charm, he cries,
"And let it fairly now ſuffice
"The gambol has been ſhewn."

But

But *Oberon* anſwers with a ſmile,
'Content thee, *Edwin*, for a while,
'The vantage is thine own!

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clap'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor *Edwin* falls to floor;
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was never wight in ſike a caſe
Through all the land before.

But ſoon as dan *Apollo* roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs.
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a dauncing as he walks,
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous *Edith* ſees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir *Topaz* mov'd
(The youth of *Edith* erſt approv'd)
To ſee the revel ſcene;
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befell,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall:
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The *Faeries* bragly foot the floor,
And muſick fills the hall.

But *Certes* ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir *Topaz* ſees the *Elphin* ſhow,
His ſpirits in him die:
When *Oberon* cries, 'A man is near,
'A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
'Hangs flagging in the ſky.'

With that Sir *Topaz*, (hapleſs youth!)
In accents fault'ring ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a miſter wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt.

'Ah loſell vile, at once they roar!
'And little ſkill'd of *Faerie* lore,
'Thy cauſe to come we know:
'Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
'And *Faeries*, ſince a lie you tell,
'Are free to work thee woe.'

Then *Will*, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoiſe in a ſhop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome *Edwin* hung.

The revel now proceeds a-pace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat:
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir *Topaz* hangs the while
'Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down ydrops the *Knight*.
For never ſpell by *Faerie* laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:

But

But wot ye well his harder lot?
His ſeely back the *Bunch* has got
Which *Edwin* loſt afore.

This tale a *Sybil-Nurſe* ared;
She ſoftly ſtrok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
'Thus ſome are born, my ſon (ſhe cries)
'With baſe impediments to riſe,
'And ſome are born with none.

'But virtue can itſelf advance
'To what the fav'rite fools of chance
'By fortune ſeem'd deſign'd;
'Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
'And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
'Upon th' unworthy mind.'

The MISERY of a TOWN-LIFE, and the HAPPINESS of a COUNTRY-ONE; exemplified in the STORY of the TOWN-MOUSE and COUNTRY-MOUSE. Imitated from HORACE. [SWIFT and POPE.]

I'VE often wiſh'd that I had clear
For life, ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras-walk, and half a rood
Of land, ſet out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;
'But here a grievance ſeems to lie,
'All this is mine but till I die;
'I can't but think 'twould ſound more clever,
'To me and to my heirs for-ever.
'If I ne'er got or loſt a groat,
'By any trick, or any fault;
'And if I pray by reaſon's rules,
'And not like forty other fools:
'As thus, "Vouchſafe, Oh gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t'other acre:
"Or, if it be thy will and pleaſure,
"Direct my plough to find a treaſure:"

'But

'But only what my ſtation fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits,
'Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
'Juſt what you gave me, competence:
'And let me in theſe ſhades compoſe
'Something in verſe as true as proſe;
'Remov'd from all th' ambitious ſcene,
'Nor puff'd by pride, nor ſunk by ſpleen.'
In ſhort, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix months with ſtateſmen here.
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe,
"Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,
"Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplex'd,
And ſmiling whiſpers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
"To juſtle here among the croud."
Another, in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
"So eager to expreſs your love,
"You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
"But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never ſaw

Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This humbly offers me his caſe—
That begs my int'reſt for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
"Without your help the cauſe is gone—
The duke expects my lord and you,
About ſome great affair at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
"To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:
"Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt--
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt:
Then preſently he falls to teaze,
"You may for certain if you pleaſe;
"I doubt not, if his lordſhip knew—
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.—
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?
"Whoſe chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country ſigns;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
Yet ſome, I know, with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
"I wonder what ſome people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
"Always together *tête à tête*;
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of ſome folks!"

There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at Court;
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
"Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
"'Tis now no ſecret"—I proteſt
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?"
And tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſs'd,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon ſet before 'em,
The grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd and pleaſe,
And ev'n the very dogs at eaſe.
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A neighbour's madneſs, or his ſpouſe's,
Or what's in either of the houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of merit, or a miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?

Our friend, Dan Prior, told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos:*
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a ſtory of two mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the fable)
A country mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a town mouſe at his board,
Juſt as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouſe, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a ſoul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his gueſt tho' no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But lord, my friend, this ſavage ſcene!
"For God's ſake, come, and live with men:
"Conſider, mice, like men, muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in joy and ſport,
"(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.")
The verieſt hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſat late.)
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors:
But let it, (in a word) be ſaid,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red;
The gueſts withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice ſat, *tête-à-tête.*

Our courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of fowl and fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ça eſt bon! Ah goutez ça!*
" That jelly's rich, this malmſey healing,
" Pray dip your whiſkers and your tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy ſwain!
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
" I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
" To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good.
" I have a thouſand thanks to give—
" My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the hall
Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
" A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by providence they think,
For your damn'd ſtucco has no chink.)
" An't pleaſe your honour, quoth the peaſant,
" This ſame deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow tree,
" A cruſt of bread, and liberty!"

An ELEGY written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

[GRAY.]

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.

Beneath

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care,
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to Theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſoothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious MILTON here may reſt,
Some CROMWELL guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtriſe,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet, ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Aſhes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit ſhall inquire thy fate.

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
'And pour upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on th' cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

'The next with dirges due in ſad array
'Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
'Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Larg

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

HYMN to ADVERSITY.

[GRAY.]

DAUGHTER of JOVE, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy ſire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread Goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a man.

ODE on a diſtant Proſpect of ETON COLLEGE.

[GRAY.]

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful ſcience ſtill adores
Her HENRY's holy ſhade;
And ye that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleaſing ſhade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,

As

As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſoothe,
And, redolent of joys and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, father THAMES, (for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race,
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace,)
Who foremoſt now delights to cleave
With pliant arms thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry,
Still as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſs'd;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſun-ſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs buxom health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet ſee how all around them wait
The miniſters of human fate,

And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand,
To ſeize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, ſhew them they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury-paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful anger, pallid fear,
And ſhame that ſculks behind;
Or pining love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or jealouſy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs deſpair,
And ſorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter ſcorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The ſtings of falſhood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody madneſs laughing wild
Amidſt ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming age.

To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate!
Since ſorrow never comes too late,

And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

ODE on the DEATH of a FAVOURITE CAT: DROWNED in a TUB of GOLD-FISHES.

[GRAY.]

I.

'TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demureſt of the Tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

II.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
The coat that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

III.

Still had ſhe gaz'd: but 'midſt the tide
Two beauteous forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream;
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapleſs nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

V.

Preſumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulf between;
(Malignant Fate ſat by and ſmil'd)
The ſlipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Suſan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

VII.

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that gliſters, gold.

ADVICE to a LADY.

[Lord LYTTLETON.]

THE counſels of a friend, *Belinda*, hear,
Too roughly kind to pleaſe a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women ſeldom learn from men.
Nor think I praiſe you ill, when thus I ſhow
What female vanity might fear to know;
Some merit's mine, to dare to be ſincere,
But greater your's, ſincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends;
Women, like princes, find no real friends:
All who approach them their own ends purſue:
Lovers and miniſters are never true.
Hence oft from reaſon heedleſs beauty ſtrays,
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays:
Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When moſt you tyrannize, you're moſt abus'd.

What

What is your ſex's earlieſt, lateſt care,
Your heart's ſupreme ambition? To be fair:
For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dreſs, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to ſchool,
And each inſtructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
Not to diſgrace the partial boon of heav'n?
How few with all their pride of form can move?
How few are lovely, that were made for love?
Do you, my Fair, endeavour to poſſeſs
An elegance of mind, as well as dreſs;
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful nature's unaffected eaſe.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely reſt content with modeſt ſenſe;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble woman to ſuſtain;
Of thoſe who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of thoſe who have it, are undone.

Be ſtill ſuperior to your ſex's arts,
Nor think diſhoneſty a proof of parts;
For you the plaineſt is the wiſeſt rule;
A cunning woman is a knaviſh fool.

Be good yourſelf, nor think another's ſhame
Can raiſe your merit, or adorn your fame.

Virtue is amiable, mild, ſerene,
Without, all beauty, and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and ſtorm,
'Tis uglineſs in its moſt frightful form:
Fiercely it ſtands defying gods and men,
As fiery monſters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat;
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight,
Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns too ſtrong a light.

To rougher man ambition's taſk reſign:
'Tis ours in ſenates or in courts to ſhine,
To labour for a ſunk corrupted ſtate,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.

One only care *your* gentle breaſts ſhould move,
Th' important buſineſs of your life is love:
To this great point direct your conſtant aim,
This makes your happineſs, and this your fame.

Be never cool reſerve with paſſion join'd;
With caution chuſe; but then be fondly kind.
The ſelfiſh heart, that but by halves is giv'n,
Shall find no place in love's delightful heav'n;
Here ſweet extremes alone can truly bleſs,
The virtue of a lover is exceſs.
A maid unaſk'd may own a well-plac'd flame,
Not loving *firſt*, but loving *wrong* is ſhame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conqueſt juſtifies diſdain;
Short is the period of inſulting pow'r;
Offended *Cupid* finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will reſume the empire which he gave,
And ſoon the tyrant ſhall become the ſlave.

Bleſt is the maid, and worthy to be bleſt,
Whoſe ſoul entire by him ſhe loves poſſeſt;
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondneſs loſt,
And aſks no pow'r, but that of pleaſing moſt:
Her's is the bliſs in juſt return to prove
The honeſt warmth of undiſſembled love;
For her, inconſtant man might ceaſe to range,
And gratitude forbid deſire to change.

But leſt harſh care the lover's peace deſtroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reaſon teach what paſſion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliſs be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they ſtain;
And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
Does but increaſe the anguiſh of their grief;
While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than ſell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you deſpiſe, or hate,
For the vain glare of uſeleſs wealth or ſtate.

Ev'n in the happieſt choice, where fav'ring heav'n
Has equal love, and eaſy fortune giv'n,
Think not, the huſband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happineſs muſt ſtill be won;
And oft, the careleſs find it to their coſt,
The *Lover* in the *Huſband* may be loſt;
The *Graces* might alone his heart *allure*;
They and the *Virtues meeting* muſt *ſecure*.

Let ev'n your *Prudence* wear the pleaſing dreſs
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderneſs*.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domeſtic duty ſeem to flow:
The *Houſhold Sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *ſervant* to appear;
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *Miſtreſs* ſtill ſhall charm him in the *Wife*;
And wrinkled age ſhall unobſerv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-ſacred urn,
His conſtant flame ſhall unextinguiſh'd burn.

Thus I, *Belinda*, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The taſk were harder to ſecure my own,
Againſt the pow'r of thoſe already known;
For well you twiſt the ſecret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind;
Skill'd every ſoft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy:
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleaſing, which to you I give.

The LADY's LOOKING-GLASS.

[PRIOR.]

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the ſand-hills to the ſea;
The ſetting ſun adorn'd the coaſt,
His beams entire, his fierceneſs loſt;

And, on the ſurface of the deep,
The winds lay only not aſleep:
The nymph did like the ſcene appear,
Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With ſecret joy I heard her ſay,
That ſhe would never miſs one day
A walk ſo fine, a ſight ſo gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grew high;
Impending tempeſts charge the ſky;
The light'ning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves laſh the frighten'd ſhores.
Struck with the horror of the ſight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And trembling vows, ſhe'll ne'er again
Approach the ſhore, or view the main.

Once more at leaſt look back, ſaid I;
Thyſelf in that large glaſs deſcry:
When thou art in good-humour dreſt,
When gentle reaſon rules thy breaſt,
The ſun upon the calmeſt ſea
Appears not half ſo bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundleſs depth of love;
I bleſs my chain, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on ſhore.

But when vain doubt and groundleſs fear
Do *Celia*'s lovely boſom tear;
When the big lip and wat'ry eye
Tell me the riſing ſtorm is nigh;
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and daſh'd by rain;
And the poor ſailor, that muſt try
Its fury, labours leſs than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate ſtill drive me back;
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee firſt, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vext when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

The GARLAND.

[PRIOR.]

THE pride of every grove I choſe,
The violet ſweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming *Cloe*'s hair.

At morn the nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs ſhe wore along the day;
And ev'ry nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undreſs'd at evening, when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt,
She chang'd her look; and on the ground
Her garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any muſe's tongue could ſpeak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell,
That falling tear—What does it mean?

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moraliſt ſaid:
See! Friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of *May*,
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor *Stella* danc'd and ſung;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her ſhroud.

Such as ſhe is, who dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, *Damon*, bid thy muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy *Cloe*'s ſorrow.

The various EFFECTS of PRIDE.

[YOUNG.]

OF folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockhead's flattery,
Whoſe praiſe defames; as if a fool ſhould mean
By ſpitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with *pride*,
Her *pow'r* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The love of fame
Made bold *Alphonſus* his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning ſteep,
And (ſtranger ſtill!) made *Alexander* weep.
Nay it holds *Delia* from a ſecond bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

This paſſion with a *pimple* have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen.
By *this* inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot)
Some lords have learnt to *ſpell*, and ſome to *knot*.
It makes *Globoſe* a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe.
It makes *dear ſelf* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.

Sick with the *love of fame* what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *ſenate* thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great *Homer!* with thy *Epic* rules
To take a catalogue of *Britiſh* fools.
Satire! had I thy *Dorſet*'s force divine,
A knave, or fool, ſhould periſh in each line;
Tho' for the firſt all *Weſtminſter* ſhould plead,
And for the laſt all *Greſham* intercede.

Begin. Who firſt the *catalogue* ſhall grace?
To *quality* belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes forward, forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room;
He ſtands for *fame* on his forefather's feet,
By heraldry prov'd *valiant* or *diſcreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three deſcents* leſs wiſe?

If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raiſe his fathers from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in fame's glorious chace,
Nobles look *backward*, and ſo loſe the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate.
To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, tho' deſcended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honeſt* men, and *wiſe*;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, inſtead of their *diſcharge*.
Dorſet, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary ſhine.

CHARACTER of a FOX-HUNTER.

[YOUNG.]

THE *ſquire* is *proud* to ſee his courſer ſtrain,
Or well-breath'd beagles ſweep along the plain.
Say, dear *Hippolitus* (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a *Chriſtmas*-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And *Ringwood* opens on the tainted ground,
Is That *thy* praiſe? Let *Ringwood*'s fame alone,
Juſt *Ringwood* leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipſey *you* commit,
And ſhake the clumſy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the *jeſt* you made.

CHARACTER of a FLORIST.

[YOUNG.]

WARM in purſuit of foxes, and renown,
Hippolitus demands the *Sylvan* crown;
But *Florio*'s fame, the product of a ſhower,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!

Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? to make *Paul Diack* riſe.
From morn to night has *Florio* gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good.
What ſhape? what hue? was ever Nymph ſo fair?
He dotes! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies *Florio* down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious Wight;
The Tulip's dead! ſee thy fair Siſter's fate,
O *C——l*, and be kind e'er 'tis too late.

Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Floriſt, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker ſerv'd him, *Adam* was his name.
To one lov'd Tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came, and miſs'd it one ill-fated hour.
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *Demon* cropt my flower?"
Serene, quoth *Adam*, "Lo! 'twas cruſht by me;
"Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bow'dſt thy knee."

CHARACTER of a FOP and of a SLOVEN.

[YOUNG.]

THESE all their care expend on outward ſhow
For wealth, and fame; for fame alone the *Beau*.
Of late at *White*'s was young *Florello* ſeen,
How blank his look? how diſcompos'd his mien?
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
Sunk were his ſpirits; for his coat was *plain*.
Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a *ſilver lace*.
A curious artiſt long inur'd to toils
Of gentler ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome God inſpir'd,
So toucht his *curls*, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous *watch-caſe*, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conſcience*, ſolid joy ſupplies.

He

He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding, *Deloraine*.
Whene'er by ſeeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with his *Tyrian* dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart?
But fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.
In active meaſures brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs, conſcious of his learned *heels*.
So have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
A calf of genius debonnair, and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the ſtream.

Moroſe is ſunk with ſhame, when'er ſurpriz'd
In Linen clean, or Peruke undiſguis'd.
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear,
Valu'd like Leopards, as their *ſpots* appear.
A fam'd Sur-tout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame;
But open force was vain; by night ſhe went,
And, while he ſlept, ſurpriz'd the darling *rent*;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
*And glory at one entrance quite ſhut out.**
He ſcorns *Florello*, and *Florello* him,
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*:
Thus in each other both theſe fools deſpiſe
Their own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim:
The *ſlovен*, and the *fopling* are the ſame.

CHARACTER of a LEVEE-HUNTER.

[YOUNG.]

NOT gaudy butterflies are *Lico*'s game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame.
Warm in purſuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title*, and *eſtate*.
Where-e'er their *Lordſhips* go, they never find,
Or *Lico*, or their *ſhadows* lag behind:
He *ſets* them ſure, where-e'er their *Lordſhips* run,
Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*:

As

* *Milton*.

As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance from place to place,
The * *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.
Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant*, dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſp'ring ſecrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a *glaſs*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my Lord's gracious, and vouchſafes it leave;
Or *cuſhion*, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or *thump* it for his better eaſe;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon or night beſpoke,
When the peer *raſhly* ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, tho' he could not find
His Lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the Gods profoundly bow,
That can cry *chimney-ſweep*, or drive a *plough*?
With terms like theſe how mean the Tribe that *cloſe*?
Scarce meaner They, who terms, like theſe, *impoſe*.

AFFECTATION of DELICACY ridiculed.

[YOUNG.]

THE *languid* lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, 'till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo *ſevere* a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, *journeys* round the room:
But knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the *Alps*——that is, aſcend the *ſtairs*.
My fan! let others ſay who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her *laconick* ſtyle;
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That *Betty* rather *ſees* than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
Piece out th' Idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound:
And help! O help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce liſts the other to her head.

* A Daniſh dog.

If, there, a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt, and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe'd rather *ſtarve*;
But *chew* ſhe muſt herſelf; ah cruel fate!
That *Roſalinda* can't by *proxy* eat.

The EMPTINESS of RICHES.

[YOUNG.]

CAN gold calm *paſſion*, or make *reaſon* ſhine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wiſdom* from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much leſs
To make our *fortune*, than our *happineſs*;
That happineſs which great ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themſelves unbleſt: the poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their ſtore!
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate*;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with Kings,
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe*,
Our envy wou'd be due to large expence;
Since not, thoſe pomps, which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See, how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a *lye!*
A *decent competence* we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our *ſenſe*, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone.
The rich muſt *labour* to poſſeſs *their own*,
To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to *help* them to be bleſt;
To *ſee* their treaſures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.
But ſome great ſouls, and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *ſhine*.
All *hoarded* treaſures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well beſtow'd.
Grand *reſervoirs* of public happineſs,
Thro' *ſecret* ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *ſpare* our *bluſhes* too.

On

On PROCRASTINATION.

[YOUNG.]

BE wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They, one day, ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own; their future ſelves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wiſdom they conſign;
The thing they can't but purpoſe, they poſtpone;
'Tis not in Folly, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human wiſdom to do more.
All Promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry ſtage. When young, indeed,
In full content we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
Un-anxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh
As duteous ſons, our fathers were more wiſe.
At thirty man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to reſolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves, and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.

On the BEING of a GOD.

[YOUNG.]

RETIRE;—The world ſhut out;—Thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;—
Lock up thy ſenſes;—Let no paſſion ſtir;—
Wake all to Reaſon;—Let her reign alone;—
Then, in thy Soul's deep ſilence, and the depth
Of Nature's ſilence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done. ———

What am I? and from whence? — I nothing know,
But that I am; and, ſince I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought ſtill had been: Eternal there muſt be.—
But what eternal?—Why not human race?
And ADAM's anceſtors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince ev'ry link
Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties riſe;
I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
Whence earth, and theſe bright orbs?—Eternal too?—
Grant matter was eternal; ſtill theſe orbs
Would want ſome other father;—Much deſign
Is ſeen in all their motions, all their makes;
Deſign implies intelligence, and art:
That can't be from themſelves — or man; that art
Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd than man.
Who, motion, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
Shot thro' vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's reſtive lump aſſume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Aſſerting its indiſputable right
To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
Has matter none? Then whence theſe glorious forms,
And boundleſs flights, from ſhapeleſs, and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In Mathematics? Has it fram'd ſuch laws,
Which, but to gueſs, a NEWTON made immortal?

If

If art, to form; and counſel, to conduct;
And that with greater far, than human ſkill,
Reſides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.
And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!—

The IGNORANCE of MAN, with regard to the GENERAL LAWS of the UNIVERSE, a Reaſon why he ſhould be contented with his PRESENT STATE. [POPE.]

SAY firſt, of God above, or man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know!
Of man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
Preſumptuous man! the reaſon would'ſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's ſatellites are leſs than JOVE?
Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt.
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as man:
And all the queſtion, (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Reſpecting

Reſpecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce once purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
Then ſhall man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.
Then ſay not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

Our HAPPINESS partly owing to our IGNORANCE of FUTURE EVENTS, partly to our HOPE of a FUTURE STATE. [POPE.]

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,

Atoms

Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

The UNREASONABLENESS of our COMPLAINTS againſt PROVIDENCE. [POPE.]

WHAT would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears,
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?

The

The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

ORDER and SUBORDINATION prevail through all the WORKS of GOD, which form one entire WHOLE. [POPE.]

FAR as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine?
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions ſenſe from thought divide?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!

Without

Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?
See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,

Lives

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony, not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good.
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

The different OFFICES of REASON and SELF-LOVE. [POPE.]

TWO Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.

Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The Action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

On the PASSIONS.

[POPE.]

MODES of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide:
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.
In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Paſſions

Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
Theſe mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And, when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes, diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death:
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſour.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowlege, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.
Th' eternal art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear:
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:

eaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
nd Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
he fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline,
Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
he ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
nd makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
hat ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
ho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
s, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
nd oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
here ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
hat Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
k your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
is to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
s, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
et ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
e firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
ut where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
k where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
Scotland at the Orcades; and there,
t Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
o creature owns it in the firſt degree,
ut thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
r never feel the rage, or never own;
hat happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
he hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
w in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
he rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe:
nd ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
is but by parts we follow good or ill;
r, vice or virtue, ſelf directs it ſtill;
ch individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
ut HEAV'N's great view is one, and that the whole:
hat counter-works each folly and caprice;
hat diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;

That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That Virtue's ends from vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe.
See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;

Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others' wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

The whole UNIVERSE one SYSTEM of SOCIETY.

[POPE.]

LOOK round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again;
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool, work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.

The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children ſhall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

The STATE of NATURE.

[POPE.]

NOR think, in NATURE's STATE they blindly trod;
The ſtate of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's Attribute was Univerſal Care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer ſavage, Man.

REASON inſtructed by INSTINCT in the Invention of Arts, and in Forms of Society. [POPE.]

SEE him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;

Thus

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
" Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field:
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aërial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ants republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as God ador'd."
Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe:
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
'Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

The GIFTS *of* FORTUNE *unequally diſtributed: Happineſs does not conſiſt in the ſuperabundance of theſe, but in* HEALTH, PEACE, *and* COMPETENCE.

ORDER is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone,
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?

Count

Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.

HONOUR conſiſts in acting our PART well.

POPE.

HONOUR and ſhame from no Condition riſe:
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

VIRTUE the ſole Foundation of HAPPINESS.

[POPE.]

KNOW then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the moſt diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God:
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliſs but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

CHA

CHARACTERS are given according to the RANK of MEN in the WORLD. [POPE.]

'TIS from high life high characters are drawn;
A ſaint in crape is twice a ſaint in lawn;
A judge is juſt, a chanc'llor juſter ſtill;
A gownman, learn'd; a biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a miniſter; but, if a king,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more every thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the gem above the flow'r.

EXAMPLES of the STRENGTH of the RULING PASSION in the HOUR of DEATH. [POPE.]

"ODIOUS! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
"No, let a charming chintz, and Bruſſels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
"If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?"
"I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned.
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir, what all?
"Why,—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul.
The manor, Sir?—"The manor! hold, he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
"Oh, ſave my country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

ADVICE to the FAIR SEX.

[POPE.]

AH! friend! to dazzle let the vain deſign;
To raiſe the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the ſun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the moon's more ſober light,
Serene in virgin modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring orb declines.
Oh! bleſt with temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She, who can love a ſiſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er anſwers 'till a huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhews ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Diſdains all loſs of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or ſmall-pox, above them all,
And miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' China fall.

The MAN of ROSS.

[POPE.]

BUT all our praiſes why ſhould lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow;
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain?
Whoſe cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught that Heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of ROSS," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the gate;

Him

Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an uſeleſs race.
Thrice-happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay! what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, grandeur, bluſh! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little ſtars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.

On VERSIFICATION.

[POPE.]

BUT moſt by numbers judge a poet's ſong;
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where-e'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"

If

If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar:
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

The Parting of HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

[POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.]

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
Through ſtreets of palaces, and walks of ſtate;
And met the mourner at the Scæan Gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:

(Cilician

(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion ſway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended ſhade)
The nurſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt
His only hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt,
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd ſtream;
Aſtyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warriour ſmil'd, and pleas'd reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind.
His beauteous princeſs caſt a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected ſpoke;
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
And the big tear ſtood trembling in her eye.
Too daring prince! ah whither doſt thou run;
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and ſon!
And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies,
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
Greece in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain;
Now hoſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
Oh grant me, gods! e'er Hector meets his doom,
All I can aſk of Heav'n, an early tomb!
So ſhall my days in one ſad tenour run,
And end with ſorrows as they firſt begun.
No parent now remains my grief to ſhare,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waſte, and ſlew my warlike ſire!
His fate compaſſion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil,
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain, where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's ſylvan daughters bade their elms beſtow
A barren ſhade, and in his honour grow.
By the ſame arm my ſeven brave brothers fell;
In one ſad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and ſnowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapleſs heroes bled!

My

My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The Queen of Hippoplacia's ſilvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
Her pleaſing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppreſt by life-conſuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will periſh, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!
That quarter moſt the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tow'r, defend the important poſt;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful hoſt,
That paſs Tydides, Ajax, ſtrive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.
The Chief reply'd: that poſt ſhall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattl'd plains:
Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriours fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!

In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
And woes of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's ſpring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs ſhall waken at the name!
May I be cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.
Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrours from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiſs'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.
O thou! whoſe glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathleſs pow'rs! protect my ſon!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from ſucceſsful toils
Of heroes ſlain he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, this chief tranſcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd amidſt the gen'ral ſhouts of Troy,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy.
He ſpoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubl'd pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by fear,
She mingl'd with a ſmile a tender tear.
The ſoftn'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſu'd.
Andromache!

Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
With what untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth;
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave;
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger as the firſt in fame.
Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes,
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That ſtream'd at ev'ry look: then moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train the ſoft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

ODE for MUSIC on ST. CECILIA's DAY.

[POPE.]

DESCEND, ye nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly pleaſing ſtrain,
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, ſoft and clear,
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;

Exulting

Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By Muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our paſſions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic every boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,

O'er

O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Syſiphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!
He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard, and how glorious!
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move!
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now

Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm;
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Hers lift the ſoul to heav'n.

ALEXANDER's FEAST; or the POWER of MUSIC:

An ODE on ST. CECILIA's DAY. [DRYDEN.]

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:

Aloft

Aloft in awful ſtate
The god-like hero ſate
On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtle bound:
So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his ſide
Sat, like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove;
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,

And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound;
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face.

No

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain:
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldiers' pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By two ſevere a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With down-caſt look the joyleſs victor ſat,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
Twas but a kindred ſound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War he ſung is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe,
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Theſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute

And

And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

DESCRIPTION of a BATTLE, illuſtrated by a ſublime Compariſon. [ADDISON.]

BUT O, my muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous ſound
The victor's ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the ſkies,
And all the thunder of the battle riſe.
'Twas then great *Marlb'ro*'s mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.

The firſt ONSET of a BATTLE, illuſtrated by a noble Compariſon. [POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.]

SIX'D at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:
So cloſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their fight,
That Pallas' ſelf might view with fix'd delight;

Or had the God of war inclin'd his eyes,
The God of war had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A choſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as fate,
Deſcending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields,
Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the ſkies with pointing rays,
Their brandiſh'd lances at each other blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charg'd they firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy.
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the pond'rous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds;
At ev'ry ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gath'ring force, it ſmokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There ſtops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopt unmov'd.

To the KING on his NAVY.

[Waller.]

WHERE-E'ER thy navy ſpreads her canvas wings;
Homage to thee, and peace to all ſhe brings;
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and conſent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
Ships heretofore in ſeas like fiſhes ſped,
The mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed;
Thou on the deep impoſeſt nobler laws,
And, by that juſtice, haſt remov'd the cauſe
Of thoſe rude tempeſts, which, for rapine ſent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both thoſe fates, of ſtorms, and piracy;

But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegaſean horſe:
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another nation, as to touch our ſoil.
Should nature's ſelf invade the world again,
And o'er the centre ſpread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were ſafe; and her deſtructive hand
Wou'd but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would ſtyle thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball:
Thoſe tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.
The world's reſtorer once could not endure,
That finiſh'd Babel ſhould thoſe men ſecure,
Whoſe pride deſign'd that fabric to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond flood.
To thee his choſen more indulgent, he
Dares truſt ſuch power with ſo much piety.

On the INVENTION of LETTERS.

TELL me what genius did the art invent,
The lively image of the voice to paint;
Who firſt the ſecret how to colour ſound,
And to give ſhape to reaſon, wiſely found;
With bodies how to cloath ideas, taught;
And how to draw the picture of a thought:
Who taught the hand to ſpeak, the eye to hear
A ſilent language roving far and near;
Whoſe ſofteſt noiſe out-ſtrips loud thunder's ſound,
And ſpreads her accents through the world's vaſt round:
A voice heard by the deaf, ſpoke by the dumb,
Whoſe echo reaches long, long time to come;
Which dead men ſpeak as well as thoſe alive—
Tell me what genius did this art contrive?

The ANSWER.

THE noble art to Cadmus owes its riſe,
Of painting words, and ſpeaking to the eyes;
He firſt in wond'rous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and ſtop'd the flying ſound:
The various figures by his pencil wrought,
Gave colour, form, and body to the thought.

The ENTHUSIAST; or the LOVER of NATURE.

[J. WARTON.]

YE green-rob'd Dryads, oft' at duſky eve
By wondering ſhepherds ſeen, to foreſts brown,
To unfrequented meads, and pathleſs wilds,
Lead me from gardens deck'd with art's vain pomps.
Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimick gods,
Parterres embroider'd, obeliſks, and urns
Of high relief: can the long, ſpreading lake,
Or viſta leſſening to the ſight; can Stow
With all her Attick fanes, ſuch raptures raiſe,
As the thruſh-haunted copſe, where lightly leaps
The fearful fawn the ruſtling leaves along,
And the briſk ſquirrel ſports from bough to bough,
While from an hollow oak, whoſe naked roots
O'erhang a penſive rill, the buſy bees
Hum drowſy lullabies? The bards of old,
Fair Nature's friends, ſought ſuch retreats, to charm
Sweet Echo with their ſongs; oft' too they met
In ſummer evenings, near ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
Or mountain-nymph, or muſe, and eager learn'd
The moral ſtrains ſhe taught to mend mankind.
As to a ſecret grot Ægeria ſtole
With patriot Numa, and in ſilent night
Whiſper'd him ſacred laws, he liſt'ning ſat
Rapt with her virtuous voice, old Tyber lean'd
Attentive on his urn, and huſh'd his waves.
Rich in her weeping country's ſpoils Verſailles
May boaſt a thouſand fountains, that can caſt
The tortur'd waters to the diſtant heav'ns;
Yet let me chooſe ſome pine-top'd precipice
Abrupt and ſhaggy, whence a foamy ſtream,
Like Anio, tumbling roars; or ſome bleak heath,
Where ſtraggling ſtand the mournful juniper,
Or yew-tree ſcath'd; while in clear proſpect round,
From the grove's boſom ſpires emerge, and ſmoak
In bluiſh wreaths aſcends, ripe harveſts wave,
Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops
Of Gothic battlements appear, and ſtreams
Beneath the ſun-beams twinkle.—The ſhrill lark,
That wakes the wood-man to his early taſk,

O

Or love-ſick Philomel, whoſe luſcious lays
Soothe lone night-wanderers, the moaning dove
Pitied by liſtening milk-maid, far excel
The deep-mouth viol, the ſoul-lulling lute,
And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful ſounds!
That pleaſe not like the choriſters of air,
When firſt they hail th' approach of laughing May.
Can Kent deſign like Nature? Mark where Thames
Plenty and pleaſure pours thro' * Lincoln's meads;
Can the great artiſt, tho' with taſte ſupreme
Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add?
Tho' he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly ſcorns
Formality and method, round and ſquare
Diſdaining, plans irregularly great.
Creative Titian, can thy vivid ſtrokes,
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?
The thouſand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell
Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd roſe,
And golden crocus?—Yet with theſe the maid,
Phillis or Phœbe, at a feaſt or wake,
Her jetty locks enamels; fairer ſhe,
In innocence and home-ſpun veſtments dreſs'd,
Than if cœrulean ſapphires at her ears
Shone pendent, or a precious diamond-croſs
Heav'd gently on her panting boſom white.
Yon' ſhepherd idly ſtretch'd on the rude rock,
Liſtening to daſhing waves, and ſea-mews clang
High hovering o'er his head, who views beneath
The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,
Feels more true bliſs than the proud admiral,
Amid his veſſels bright with burniſh'd gold
And ſilken ſtreamers, tho' his lordly nod
Ten thouſand war-worn mariners revere.
And great Æneas † gaz'd with more delight
On the rough mountain ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,
Deſcending ſhook his direful Ægis black)
Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world
Exhauſted to enrich its ſtately head.
More pleas'd he ſlept in poor Evander's cott

* The earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surry.
† Æneid VIII.

On ſhaggy ſkins, lull'd by ſweet nightingales,
Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,
Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd
His royal gueſt, and bade his minſtrels ſound
Soft ſlumb'rous Lydian airs, to ſoothe his reſt.
* Happy the firſt of men, ere yet confin'd
To ſmoaky cities; who in ſheltering groves,
Warm caves, and deep-ſunk vallies liv'd and lov'd,
By cares unwounded; what the ſun and ſhowers,
And genial earth untillag'd could produce,
They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown,
Or bluſhing berry; by the liquid lapſe
Of murm'ring waters call'd to ſlake their thirſt,
Or with fair nymphs their ſun-brown limbs to bathe;
With nymphs who fondly claſp'd their fav'rite youths,
Unaw'd by ſhame, beneath the beechen ſhade,
Nor wiles, nor artificial coyneſs knew.
Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid
Nor frowns of parents fear'd, nor huſband's threats;
Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:
Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd love,
O whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?
While avarice waves his golden wand around,
Abhorr'd magician, and his coſtly cup
Prepares with baneful drugs, t' enchant the ſouls
Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.
In earth's firſt infancy (as ſung the † bard,
Who ſtrongly painted what he boldly thought)
Tho' the fierce north oft ſmote with iron whip
Their ſhiv'ring limbs, tho' oft the briſtly boar
Or hungry lion 'woke them with their howls,
And ſcar'd them from their moſs-grown caves to rove
Houſeleſs and cold in dark tempeſtuous nights;
Yet were not myriads in embattel'd fields
Swept off at once, nor had the raging ſeas
O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and ſhrieking crew;
In vain the glaſſy ocean ſmil'd to tempt
The jolly ſailor unſuſpecting harm;
For commerce ne'er had ſpread her ſwelling ſails,
Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard
The daſhing oar: then famine, want, and pine,
Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us
Diſeaſeful dainties, riot and exceſs,

And

* See Lucretius, lib. V. † Lucretius.

And feveriſh luxury deſtroy. In brakes,
Or marſhes wild unknowingly they crop'd
Herbs of malignant juice; to realms remote
While we for powerful poiſons madly roam,
From ev'ry noxious herb collecting death.
What tho' unknown to thoſe primœval ſires
The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms
By fair Italia's ſkilful hand, unknown
The ſhapely column, and the crumbling buſts
Of awful anceſtors in long deſcent?
Yet why ſhould man miſtaken deem it nobler
To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,
Than in God's foreſts, architect ſupreme!
Say, is the Perſian carpet, than the field's
Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
Or ſofter to the votaries of eaſe
Than bladed graſs perfum'd with dew-drop'd flow'rs?
O taſte corrupt! that luxury and pomp,
In ſpecious names of poliſh'd manners veil'd,
Should proudly baniſh Nature's ſimple charms!
All beauteous Nature! by thy boundleſs charms
Oppreſs'd, O where ſhall I begin thy praiſe,
Where turn th' ecſtatick eye, how eaſe my breaſt
That pants with wild aſtoniſhment and love!
Dark foreſts, and the op'ning lawn, refreſh'd
With ever-guſhing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
The balmy bean-field, the gay clover'd cloſe,
So ſweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
The playful lamb, the diſtant water-fall
Now faintly heard, now ſwelling with the breeze,
The ſound of paſtoral reed from hazel-bower,
The choral birds, the neighing ſteed, that ſnuffs
His dappled mate, ſtung with intenſe deſire,
The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
Betwixt the green leaves bluſh, the azure ſkies,
The chearful ſun that thro' earth's vitals pours
Delight and health and heat; all, all conſpire,
To raiſe, to ſoothe, to harmonize the mind,
To lift, on wings of praiſe, to the great Sire
Of being and of beauty, at whoſe nod
Creation ſtarted from the gloomy vault
Of dreary Chaos, while the grieſly king
Murmur'd to feel his boiſterous power confin'd.

What are the lays of artful Addiſon,
Coldly correct, to Shakeſpear's warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair Fancy found, and bore the ſmiling babe
To a cloſe cavern: (ſtill the ſhepherds ſhew
The ſacred place, whence with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whiſp'rings of ſweet muſic thro' the air)
Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with ſongs
Oft' ſooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
On her ſoft lap he ſat, and caught the ſounds.
Oft near ſome crowded city would I walk,
Liſtening the far-off noiſes, rattling cars,
Loud ſhouts of joy, ſad ſhrieks of ſorrow, knells
Full ſlowly tolling, inſtruments of trade,
Striking mine ears with one deep-ſwelling hum.
Or wand'ring near the ſea, attend the ſounds
Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves.
Ev'n when wild tempeſts ſwallow up the plains,
And Boreas' blaſts, big hail, and rains combine
To ſhake the groves and mountains, would I ſit,
Penſively muſing on th' outrageous crimes
That wake heav'n's vengeance: at ſuch ſolemn hours,
Dæmons and goblins thro' the dark air ſhriek,
While Hecat, with her black-brow'd ſiſters nine,
Rides o'er the earth, and ſcatters woes and death.
Then too, they ſay, in drear Ægyptian wilds
The lion and the tiger prowl for prey
With roarings loud! the liſt'ning traveller
Starts fear-ſtruck, while the hollow-echoing vaults
Of pyramids increaſe the deathful ſounds.
But let me never fail in cloudleſs nights,
When ſilent Cynthia in her ſilver car
Thro' the blue concave ſlides, when ſhine the hills,
Twinkle the ſtreams, and woods look tipt with gold,
To ſeek ſome level mead, and there invoke
Old Midnight's ſiſter, Contemplation ſage,
(Queen of the rugged brow, and ſtern-fix'd eye)
To lift my ſoul above this little earth,
This folly-fetter'd world: to purge my ears,
That I may hear the rolling planet's ſong,
And tuneful turning ſpheres: if this be barr'd,
The little Fayes that dance in neighbouring dales,

Sipping

Sipping the night-dew, while they laugh and love,
Shall charm me with aërial notes.—As thus
I wander muſing, lo, what aweful forms
Yonder appear! ſharp-ey'd Philoſophy
Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wriſt,
Firſt meets my eye; next, virgin Solitude
Serene, who bluſhes at each gazer's ſight;
Then Wiſdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,
Trembling, and bent with age; laſt Virtue's ſelf
Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads
Sweet Innocence, that prattles by her ſide,
A naked boy!—Harraſs'd with fear I ſtop,
I gaze, when Virtue thus—'Whoe'er thou art,
'Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld
'In theſe my midnight-walks; depart, and ſay
'That henceforth I and my immortal train
'Forſake Britannia's iſle; who fondly ſtoops
'To vice, her favourite paramour.'—She ſpoke,
And as ſhe turn'd, her round and roſy neck,
Her flowing train, and long ambroſial hair,
Breathing rich odours, I enamour'd view.
O who will bear me then to weſtern climes,
(Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields
Yet unpolluted with Iberian ſwords:
The iſles of innocence, from mortal view
Deeply retir'd, beneath a plantane's ſhade,
Where Happineſs and Quiet ſit enthron'd,
With ſimple Indian ſwains, that I may hunt
The boar and tiger thro' Savannahs wild,
Thro' fragrant deſarts, and thro' citron groves.
There fed on dates and herbs, would I deſpiſe
The far-fetch'd cates of Luxury, and hoards
Of narrow-hearted Avarice; nor heed
The diſtant din of the tumultuous world.
So when rude whirlwinds rouze the roaring main,
Beneath fair Thetis ſits, in coral caves,
Serenely gay, nor ſinking ſailors' cries
Diſturb her ſportive nymphs, who round her form
The light fantaſtick dance, or for her hair
Weave roſy crowns, or with according lutes
Grace the ſoft warbles of her honied voice.

ODE to FANCY.

[J. Wharton.]

O PARENT of each lovely Muſe,
Thy ſpirit o'er my ſoul diffuſe,
O'er all my artleſs ſongs preſide,
My footſteps to thy temple guide,
To offer, at thy turf-built ſhrine,
In golden cups no coſtly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O Nymph with looſely-flowing hair,
With buſkin'd leg, and boſom bare,
Thy waiſt with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy ſnowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand.
Of pow'r to bid freſh gardens blow
'Mid chearleſs Lapland's barren ſnow.
Whoſe rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and ſea,
While the vaſt various landſkip lies
Conſpicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the deſart, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathleſs vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's ſide,
'Mid falls of water you reſide,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged ſcene,
With green and graſſy dales between,
'Mid foreſts dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's ſtroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor e'en one ſtraw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature ſeems to ſit alone,
Majeſtic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, ſweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown ſequeſter'd cell,
Where woodbines cluſter round the door,
Where ſhells and moſs o'erlay the floor,
And on whoſe top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whoſe thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale ſtill builds her neſt,
Each evening warbling thee to reſt:

Then

Then lay me by the haunted ſtream,
Rapt in ſome wild, poetic dream,
In converſe while methinks I rove
With Spencer thro' a fairy grove;
Till ſuddenly awoke, I hear
Strange whiſper'd muſic in my ear,
And my glad ſoul in bliſs is drown'd
By the ſweetly-ſoothing ſound!
Me, Goddeſs, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace reſort,
And Venus keeps her feſtive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads:
Where Laughter roſe-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks ſteep hills among,
Liſt'ning to the ſhepherd's ſong.
Yet not theſe flow'ry fields of joy
Can long my penſive mind employ:
Haſte, Fancy, from theſe ſcenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddeſs of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and ſigh!
Let us with ſilent footſteps go
To charnels and the houſe of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each ſad night ſome virgin comes,
With throbbing breaſt, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to ſeek;
Or to ſome Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry ſhow'rs,
The naked beggar ſhiv'ring lies,
While whiſtling tempeſts round her riſe,
And trembles leſt the tott'ring wall
Should on her ſleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder ſtrike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with ſudden heat,
My big tumultuous boſom beat;
The trumpets' clangors pierce mine ear,
A thouſand widows' ſhrieks I hear,
Give me another horſe, I cry,
Lo! the baſe Gallic ſquadrons fly;

Whence is this rage?——What ſpirit, ſay,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Tranſports me to the thickeſt war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of ſlain,
Where Tumult and Deſtruction reign;
Where mad with pain the wounded ſteed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terror ſtalks around,
With ſullen joy ſurveys the ground,
And pointing to th' enſanguin'd field
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-ſhield!
O guide me from this horrid ſcene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura ſeeks, to ſhun
The fervours of the mid-day ſun;
The pangs of abſence, O remove,
For thou canſt place me near my love,
Canſt fold in viſionary bliſs,
And let me think I ſteal a kiſs.
When young-ey'd Spring profuſely throws
From her green lap the pink and roſe;
When the ſoft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns ſeeks,
And ſtains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his ſilver beard with cold,
At ev'ry ſeaſon let my ear
Thy ſolemn whiſpers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthuſiaſtic maid,
Without thy pow'rful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a ſoul to ev'ry line,
Ne'er may I ſtrive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd ſtrain,
Nor dare to touch the ſacred ſtring,
Save when with ſmiles thou bid'ſt me ſing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakeſpear's tomb,
On which thou lov'ſt to ſit at eve,
Muſing o'er thy darling's grave;
O Queen of numbers, once again
Animate ſome choſen ſwain,

Who fill'd with unexhauſted fire,
May boldly ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
May riſe above the rhyming throng,
And with ſome new, unequall'd ſong
O'er all our liſt'ning paſſions reign,
O'erwhelm our ſouls with joy and pain;
With terror ſhake, with pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk:
Teach him to ſcorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like light'ning, let his mighty verſe
The boſom's inmoſt foldings pierce:
With native beauties win applauſe,
Beyond cold critics' ſtudied laws:
O let each Muſe's fame increaſe,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

L'ALLEGRO.

[MILTON.]

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackeſt midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mong'ſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy;
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven ſings;
There under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſart ever dwell.
But come thou goddeſs fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphroſyne,
And by men heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,

Who

Fill'd

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckſome, blithe, and debonair.
Haſte thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed ſmiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the ſweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight:
While the plow-man near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,

And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſkip round it meaſures;
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim with daiſies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage-chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thryſis met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bower ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind his ſheaves;
Or, if the earlier ſeaſon lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How Fairy-Mab the junkets eat;
She was pincht, and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by friars lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin ſwet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,

And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Tow'red cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Johnſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro' mazes running;
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of Harmony:
That Orpheus' ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elyſian flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

[MILTON.]

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred!
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams,
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus train.
But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem,
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiope queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauty's praiſe above
The ſea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended.
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of cypreſs lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With ev'n ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:

There

There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt,
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring,
Ay round about Jove's altar ſing.
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation:
And the mute ſilence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy ev'ning ſong:
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the heav'n's wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowzy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe Dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes, or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobl'd hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wond'rous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited morn appear,
Not trick'd and flounc'd as ſhe was wont
With the Attick boy to hunt,
But kerchef'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt has blown his fill,

Ending

Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax, with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream,
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, thro' mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of ev'ry ſtar that heav'n doth ſhew,
And ev'ry herb that ſips the dew:

Till

Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
These pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

The WISH.

[GREEN.]

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a ſtranger to our ſight,
Say, goddeſs, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auſpices impart,
And for thy temple chooſe my heart.
They, whom thou deigneſt to inſpire,
Thy ſcience learn, to bound deſire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleaſure all they find;
They both diſdain in outward mien
The grave and ſolemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dreſs,
To feign a joy, and hide diſtreſs:
Unmov'd when the rude tempeſt blows,
Without an opiate they repoſe;
And cover'd by your ſhield, defy
The whizzing ſhafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themſelves with diſtant cares;
But place their bliſs in mental reſt,
And feaſt upon the good poſſeſs'd.
Forc'd by ſoft violence of pray'r,
The blithſome goddeſs ſoothes my care,
I feel the deity inſpire,
And thus ſhe models my deſire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity ſecurely made,
A farm ſome twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, ſalubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never ſaw the town,
A ſerving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to pleaſe,
Fit to converſe, and keep the keys;

And better to preſerve the peace,
Commiſſion'd by the name of niece;
With underſtandings of a ſize
To think their maſter very wiſe.
May heav'n (it's all I wiſh for) ſend
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Diſplay benevolence, not ſtate.
And may my humble dwelling ſtand
Upon ſome choſen ſpot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geeſe may ſwim:
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambroſial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a ſlope with buſhes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a ſong;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which ſenſe and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which viſion bounds,
Like amphitheatre ſurrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in duſk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here ſtillneſs, height, and ſolemn ſhade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the ſpreading beech
Inſpire, and docile fancy teach,
While ſoft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulſes ruſtle through the mind:
Here Dryads, ſcorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In meaſur'd motions friſk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There ſee the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Freſh paſtures ſpeckled o'er with ſheep,
Brown fields their fallow ſabbaths keep,

Plum

Plump Ceres golden treſſes wear,
And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,
And ſilver ſtreams through meadows ſtray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And leſſer nymphs on ſide of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus ſhelter'd, free from care and ſtrife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, ſafe in low degree,
As men at land ſee ſtorms at ſea,
And laugh at miſerable elves,
Not kind ſo much as to themſelves,
Curs'd with ſuch ſouls of baſe alloy,
As can poſſeſs, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleaſure to impart
By av'rice, ſphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankleſs heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry ſmile,
Prone the diſtreſſed to relieve,
And little treſpaſſes forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And ſkill to make a buſy hour,
With trips to town life to amuſe,
To purchaſe books, and hear the news,
To ſee old friends, bruſh off the clown,
And quicken taſte at coming down,
Unhurt by ſickneſs' blaſting rage,
And ſlowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
In hope to bloſſom ſoon again.

ELEGY to a YOUNG NOBLEMAN leaving the UNIVERSITY. [MASON.]

ERE yet, ingenuous youth, thy ſteps retire
From Cam's ſmooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her ſtudious quire,
And met thee muſing in her cloyſters pale;
O! let thy friend (and may he boaſt the name)
Breathe from his artleſs reed one parting lay;

A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendſhip pay.
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all thoſe virtues, opening now ſo fair,
Tranſplanted to the world's tempeſtuous clime,
Muſt learn each paſſion's boiſt'rous breath to bear.
There, if Ambition peſtilent and pale,
Or Luxury ſhould taint their vernal glow;
If cold Self-intereſt, with her chilling gale,
Should blaſt th' unfolding bloſſoms ere they blow;
If mimic hues, by Art, or Faſhion ſpread,
Their genuine, ſimple colouring ſhould ſupply;
O! with them may theſe laureate honours fade;
And with them (if it can) my friendſhip die.
——And do not blame, if, tho' thyſelf inſpire,
Cautious I ſtrike the panegyric ſtring;
The muſe full oft purſues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, ſoars on waxen wing.
Too actively awake at Friendſhip's voice,
The poet's boſom pours the fervent ſtrain,
Till ſad reflection blames the haſty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.
Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breaſt
Condemn me, if I check the plauſive ſtring;
Go to the wayward world; compleat the reſt;
Be, what the pureſt muſe would wiſh to ſing.
Be ſtill thyſelf; that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm purſue;
Retain the ſweet ſimplicity of youth,
And, all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.
Still ſcorn, with conſcious pride, the maſk of art;
On vice's front let fearful caution lour,
And teach the diffident, diſcreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.
So, round thy brow when age's honours ſpread,
When Death's cold hand unſtrings thy MASON's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth ſhall ſome ſuperior bard inſpire:
He, to the ampleſt bounds of Time's domain,
On Rapture's plume ſhall give thy name to fly;
For truſt, with rev'rence truſt this Sabine ſtrain:
"The Muſe forbids the virtuous man to die."

SHEE

SHEEP-SHEARING: Song on that Occasion: Sheep-ſhearing Feaſt and Merriments.

[Dyer.]

NOW, jolly ſwains, the harveſt of your cares
Prepare to reap, and ſeek the ſounding caves
Of high Brigantium, * where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's ſtrong ſons, with nervous arm, around
The ſteady anvil, and the glaring maſs,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flatt'ning the ſteel; from their rough hands receive
The ſharpen'd inſtrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder ſpreads
Her ſilver flowr's; if humble daiſies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant graſs,
Gay ſhearing-time approaches. Firſt, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the ſtruggler ſinks,
With his white flakes, that gliſten thro' the tide;
The ſturdy ruſtic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to ſeize him riſing; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid ſtream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then reſigns him to the ſunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he ſhakes his dripping locks.
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Leſt touch of buſy fly-blows wound their ſkin:
Thy peaceful ſubjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cheriſh and be gentle, while ye ſtrip
The downy veſture from their tender ſides
Preſs not too cloſe; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in reg'lar rounds proceed:
But ſpeedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy ſwarm and ſcorching heat;
And careful houſe them, if the low'ring clouds
Mingle their ſtores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the cryſtal urns of heav'n: adown
Falls ſtreaming rain. Sometimes among the ſteeps

* The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield in Yorkſhire, where the ſhepherds ſhears and all edge-tools are made.

Of Cambrian glades, (pity the Cambrian glades)
Faſt tumbling brooks on brooks enormous ſwell,
And ſudden overwhelm their vaniſh'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked ſheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and ſtraw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.
At ſhearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural feſtivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
And luſty merriment: while on the graſs
The mingled youth in gaudy circles ſport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the ſhrill pipe, and deep remurm'ring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow ſound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, ſoftly mixt
With ev'ry murmur of the fliding wave,
And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir;
Muſic of paradiſe! which ſtill is heard,
When the heart liſtens; ſtill the views appear
Of the firſt happy garden, when content
To nature's flow'ry ſcenes directs the ſight.
Yet we abandon thoſe Elyſian walks,
Then idly for the loſt delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whoſe deſp'rate ſails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they ſee the leſs'ning ſhores retire,
And ſigh a farewel to the ſinking hills.
Could I recall thoſe notes, which once the Muſe
Heard at a ſhearing, near the woody ſides
Of blue-top'd Wreakin*. Yet the carols ſweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. Firſt aroſe in ſong
Hoar-headed DAMON, venerable ſwain,
The ſootheſt ſhepherd of the flow'ry vale.
" This is no vulgar ſcene: no palace roof
" Was e'er ſo lofty, nor ſo nobly riſe
" Their poliſh'd pillars, as theſe aged oaks,
" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmleſs ſports
" Thus have expanded wide their ſhelt'ring arms,

" Thri

* Wreakin, a high hill in Shropſhire.

" Thrice told an hundred ſummers. Sweet content,
" Ye gentle ſhepherds, pillow us at night."
" Yes, tuneful DAMON, for our cares are ſhort,
" Riſing and falling with the chearful day,"
COLIN reply'd, " and pleaſing wearineſs
" Soon our unaching heads to ſleep inclines.
" Is it in cities ſo? where, poets tell,
" The cries of ſorrow ſadden all the ſtreets,
" And the diſeaſes of intemperate wealth.
" Alas, that any ills from wealth ſhould riſe!
" May the ſweet nightingale on yonder ſpray,
" May this clear ſtream, theſe lawns, thoſe ſnow-white lambs,
" Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
" Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
" May that great lamp, which ſinks behind the hills,
" And ſtreams around variety of lights,
" Recall them erring: this is DAMON's wiſh.
" Huge Breaden's * ſtony ſummit once I climb'd
" After a kiddling: DAMON, what a ſcene!
" What various views unnumber'd ſpread beneath!
" Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent floods;
" And here and there, between the ſpiry rocks,
" The broad flat ſea. Far nobler proſpect theſe,
" Than gardens black with ſmoak in duſty towns,
" Where ſtenchy vapours often blot the ſun:
" Yet flying from his quiet, thither crowds
" Each greedy wretch for tardy-riſing wealth,
" Which comes too late; that courts the taſte in vain,
" Or nauſeates with diſtempers. Yes, ye rich,
" Still, ſtill be rich, if thus ye faſhion life;
" And piping, careleſs, ſilly ſhepherds we,
" We ſilly ſhepherds, all intent to feed
" Our ſnowy flocks, and wind the fleeky fleece."
" Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
DAMON reply'd, " while the SUPREME accounts
" Well of the faithful ſhepherd, rank'd alike
" With king and prieſt: they alſo ſhepherds are;
" For ſo th' All-ſeeing ſtiles them, to remind
" Elated man, forgetful of his charge."
" But haſte, begin the rites: ſee purple Eve
" Stretches her ſhadows: all ye nymphs and ſwains

* Breaden, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryſhire.

" Hither aſſemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
" SABRINA, guardian of the cryſtal flood,
" Shall bleſs our cares, when ſhe by moonlight clear
" Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our ſleeping folds:
" Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
" Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
" Among her ſiſters ſhe reclines; the lov'd
" Vaga *, profuſe of graces, Ryddol * rough,
" Blithe Yſtwith *, and Clevedoc * ſwift of foot;
" And mingles various ſeeds of flow'rs, and herbs,
" In the divided torrents, ere they burſt
" Thro' the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll.
" Nor taint-worm ſhall infect the yeaning herds,
" Nor penny-graſs, nor ſpearwort's pois nous leaf."
He ſaid: with light fantaſtic toe, the nymphs
Thither aſſembled, thither ev'ry ſwain;
And o'er their dimpled ſtream a thouſand flow'rs,
Pale lilies, roſes, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, ſprinkled with their ſportive arms.
Such cuſtom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn †,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet ſhe fled
The ſearch of Guendolen, her ſtepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
Spread on a moſſy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till ceaſe the rites: and now the moſſy bank
Is gayly circl'd, and the jolly chear
Diſpers'd in copious meaſure; early fruits,
And thoſe of frugal ſtore, in huſk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And caſt about their gibes; and ſome apace
Whiſtle to roundelays: their little ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, ſheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majeſtic wave of Severn ſlowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,

* Vaga, Ryddol, Yſtwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the ſprings of which riſe in the ſides of Plynlymmon.

† Dolvoryn, a ruinous caſtle in Montgomeryſhire, on the banks of the Severn.

And

And trading bark with low contracted ſail,
Linger among the reeds and copſy banks
To liſten; and to view the joyous ſcene.

On GENIUS.

[AKENSIDE.]

FROM Heav'n my ſtrains begin; from Heav'n deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night,
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams adorn'd the globe,
Or wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd th' almighty ONE: then deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and ſtreams, the rolling globe,
And wiſdom's mien cœleſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhow'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent byaſs, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heav'n: to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore

What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the ſire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. *They* alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake th' eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded thro' the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of eternal things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of congenial pow'rs,
Or of ſweet ſound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays: till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its enchantment: fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains and Elyſian groves,
And vales of bliſs: the intellectual pow'r
Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
And ſmiles; the paſſions gently ſooth'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of nature warms, Oh! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,

And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliеſt features to thy view.
Know then, what'er of nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confeſſes; the *ſublime*,
The *wonderful*, the *fair*. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions, where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.

ON TASTE.

[AKENSIDE.]

SAY, what is taſte, but the internal pow'rs
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarrang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies? This nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture can beſtow;
But God alone, when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſacred bias of the ſoul.
He, mighty Parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journeys homeward from a ſummer-day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſunſhine gleaming as thro' amber clouds,
O'er all the weſtern ſky; full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But tho' heav'n
In ev'ry breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening ſuns, and genial ſhow'rs,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope

The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.
Nor yet will every ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obſequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects; one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when light'ning fires
The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpear looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of ſome flow'ry ſtream,
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantain ſhades, and to the liſt'ning deer,
The tale of ſlighted vows and love's diſdain
Reſounds ſoft warbling all the live-long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men.

The PLEASURES ariſing from a CULTIVATED IMAGINATION. [AKENSIDE.]

O Bleſt of heav'n, whom not the languid ſongs
Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
Of ſordid wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant honour, can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, which from the ſtore
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd ſoul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offſpring can attain the height
Of envied life; tho' only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures and an ampler ſtate
Indows at large whatever happy man

Will

Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt enjoys. For him, the ſpring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only: for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair-inſpir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and every paſſion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On nature's form where, negligent of all
Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that eternal majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would ſordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! ſhe appeals to nature, to the winds
And rowling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourſelves

His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves; the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himſelf
Hold converſe: grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the reliſh of their ſouls.

On GREATNESS.

[Akenside.]

SAY, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt;
And thro' the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And thro' the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfalt'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding ſmile of heav'n? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? Wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Maj ſtic forms: impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs controul of wilful might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heav'n's broad fire his uncon ſtrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or Ganges rowling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' emp res black with ſhade,
And continents of ſand; will turn his gaze

To

To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heav'n-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Thro' fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the volley'd light'ning thro' the heav'ns;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; thro' its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
Th' empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travell'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated gaol. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſovereign Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flow'ry lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' aſcent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.

On NOVELTY.

[Akenside.]

CALL now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming ſoul. What pity then
Should ſloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom; choak the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty wiſdom; nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.
Witneſs the ſprighly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active pow'r
To briſker meaſures: witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, tho' beheld
With tranſport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For ſuch the bounteous providence of heav'n,
In every breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its pow'r? For this, the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the penſive ſage
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wond'rous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suſpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhimes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls

Ris'n from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
At ev'ry ſolemn pauſe the croud recoil
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhiv'ring ſighs: till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

The PAIN ariſing from VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS, attended with PLEASURE. [AKENSIDE.]

——BEHOLD the ways
Of heav'n's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent and wiſe:
That VIRTUE's awful ſteps, howe'er purſu'd
By vexing fortune and intruſive PAIN,
Should never be divided from her chaſte,
Her fair attendant, PLEASURE. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoft'ning ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of paſſion ſwelling with diſtreſs and pain,
To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth,
While the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aching breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture?—Aſk the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while ſacred pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt

Catches

Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam thro' the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallowed by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down: O deemeſt thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature giv'n
To mutual terror and compaſſion's tears?
No ſweetly-melting ſoftneſs which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial pow'rs
To this their proper action and their end?
Aſk thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow thro' that ſtudious gloom thy pauſing eye
Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
The ſacred volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the preſent pow'r
Of heaven and earth ſurveys th' immortal page,
E'en as a father bleſſing, while he reads
The praiſes of his ſon; if then thy ſoul,
Spurning the yoke of theſe inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the proſpect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the baſe, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt and tremble at the frown
Of curſt ambition;—when the pious band
Of youths that fought for freedom and their ſires
Lie ſide by ſide in gore;—when ruffian-pride
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee;—when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful buſt
And ſtoried arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, ſtrew the public way
With hallow'd ruins;—when the muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight pray'r;—
When ruthleſs rapine from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow

To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake thro' hoary weeds
That claſp the mould'ring column;—thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;—
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? Or would'ſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows, for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſt be th' eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame
The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of its ſire.

ON EXERCISE.

[ARMSTRONG.]

BEGIN with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by juſt ſteps aſpire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At firſt but ſaunter; and by ſlow degrees
Increaſe their pace. This doctrine of the wiſe
Well knows the maſter of the flying ſteed.
Firſt from the gaol the manag'd courſers play
On bended reins: as yet the ſkilful youth
Repreſs their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempeſt ſwells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil

You ſpring, the fibres by the haſty ſhock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compreſs'd, can pour their lubricating balm.
Beſides, collected in the paſſive veins,
Their purple maſs a ſudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: Oft the ſource
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Aſthma and feller * peripneumony,
Or the ſlow minings of the hectic fire.

LESSONS OF WISDOM.

[ARMSTRONG.]

HOW to live happieſt; how avoid the pains,
The diſappointments, and diſguſts of thoſe
Who would in pleaſure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere;
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;
His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the diſſolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looſeneſs when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could inſtruct. Much had he read,
Much more had ſeen; he ſtudied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: and much he pitied thoſe
Whom falſely-ſmiling fate has curs'd with means
To diſſipate their days in queſt of joy.
Our aim is Happineſs; 'tis yours, tis mine,
He ſaid, 'tis the purſuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the wideſt wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of ſaunt'ring joy
Seek this coy Goddeſs; that from ſtage to ſtage
Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue.
For, not to name the pains that pleaſure brings
To counterpoiſe itſelf, relentleſs Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: And were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would ſoon be ſtale.
Were theſe exhauſtleſs, Nature would grow ſick,

* The inflammation of the lungs.

And cloy'd with pleaſure, ſqueamiſhly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature reſt: Be buſy for yourſelf,
And for your friend; be buſy even in vain
Rather than teize her ſated appetites.
Who never faſts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never ſleeps.
Let nature reſt: And when the taſte of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but ſhun ſatiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt.
But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours
Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Senſe are one: and truſt me, he
Who has not virtue is not truly wiſe.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is ſenſe and ſpirit, with humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth:
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days;
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy and all-ſapping Time.
The gaudy gloſs of Fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye: The ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By Senſe alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of heaven: a happineſs
That even above the ſmiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baſer hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man juſtly boaſts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſun-ſhine on a fool.
Made for one end, one much-neglected uſe,

Are

Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupplied)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul:
To ſhew the virtues in their faireſt light;
To make Humanity the Miniſter
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breaſt
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (ſtrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.

The PASSION of the GROVES.

[THOMSON.]

AS riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcend,
My panting muſe; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all their gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running ſoul of melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt note the hollow cuckoo ſings,
The ſymphony of ſpring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the Paſſion of the Groves.*
When firſt the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint-warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns

To

To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe,
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhening ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt approvance to beſtow
Their colours burniſh, and by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then, on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble off-ſpring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy dale,
Or roughening waſte, their humble texture weave.
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or ſhaggy banks,

Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes;
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry thro' the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent. And often, from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks, a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw: till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſen'd ſpring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Even ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cott amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites and give them all.
Nor toil alone they ſcorn; exalting love,
By the great *Father of the Spring* inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the fearful race,

And to the ſimple art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchool-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering ſwain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on
In long excurſions ſkims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead
The hot purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.

Be not the Muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade;
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at ev'ry dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky:
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.

Unlaviſh

Unlaviſh wiſdom never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range, and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill,
In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives
The plumy burden; and their ſelf-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on the lengthening flight;
Till vaniſh'd every fear, and every power
Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

DOMESTIC LOVE and HAPPINESS.

[THOMSON.]

BUT happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;

Let eaſtern tyrants from the light of Heaven
Seclude their boſom ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a meer, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport, free as nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean-time a ſmiling off-ſpring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
The infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy: and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

The PLEASURES of RETIREMENT.

[THOMSON.]

O Knew he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the ſneaking croud
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys,
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
To diſappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap:
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells ſimple truth; plain innocence;
Unſullied beauty; ſound unbroken youth,

Patient

Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic eaſe.
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the muſe, of theſe
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he beſt exerts his ſong.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſclos'd, and kindled, by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea th' imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth

The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When Angels dwelt, and GOD himſelf, with Man!

A PANEGYRIC on GREAT BRITAIN.

[THOMSON.]

HEAVENS! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſkip into ſmoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inſpiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy fartheſt cotts,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.
Rich is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the ſummer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while, roving round their ſides,
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guardian toil.
Full are thy cities with the ſons of art;
And trade and joy, in every buſy ſtreet,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himſelf,
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurry'd ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,

Scattering

Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt
Or on the liſted plain, or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet, like the muſtering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim oppreſſion groan.
Thy Sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the ſplendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine! whoſe hallow'd name the virtues ſaint,
And his own Muſes love; the beſt of Kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys ſhine,
Names dear to fame, the firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius ſtill. In Stateſmen thou,
And Patriots, fertile. Thine a ſteady More,
Who, with a generous, tho' miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's uſeful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Ariſtides juſt,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal, and wiſe, a Walſingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the ſcourge of Spain! whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor ſunk his vigour, when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt,
And with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant Sidney paſs,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,

The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illuſtrious land!
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
Who ſtem'd the torrent of a downward age
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
The grave where Ruſſel lies; whoſe temper'd blood,
With calmeſt chearfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawleſs power, tho' meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the * Britiſh Caſſius, fearleſs bled;
Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
By antient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful Sages, and in noble Bards,
Soon as the light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
Thine is a Bacon; hapleſs in his choice,
Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
And thro' the ſmooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward ſtill
To urge his courſe: him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloyſter'd monks, and jargon-teaching ſchools,
Led forth the true philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that ſlow-aſcending ſtill,
Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous † Aſhley thine, the friend of Man;
Who ſcann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,

* Algernon Sydney.
† Anthony Aſhley Cooper, Earl of Shafteſbury.

And.

And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whoſe pious ſearch
Amid the dark receſſes of his works,
The great Creator ſought? and why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakeſpear thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of claſſic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spencer, Fancy's pleaſing ſon;
Who like a copious river pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his antient Maſter, laughing ſage,
Chaucer, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my ſong ſoften, as thy Daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when dreſt in love
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.
Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts, ſet up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of diſtant nations; whoſe remoteſt ſhores

Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.
O Thou! by whoſe almighty Nod the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and ſocial Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears thro' ſmiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chaſtity,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough Induſtry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, Public Zeal;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great deſign.

The BLESSINGS of INDUSTRY.

[THOMSON.]

THESE are thy bleſſings, Induſtry! rough power!
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain;
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human kind! by Nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year:
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempeſt fly,

Hail,

Hail, rain, and ſnow, the bitter-breathing froſt:
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Even deſolate in crouds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time! till Induſtry approach'd,
And rous'd him from this miſerable ſloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall antient foreſt to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent wit:
Nor ſtopp'd at barren, bare neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on,
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance and grace;
And breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.
Then gathering Men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a Public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented Whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppreſſion chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable: nor ſlaviſh dream'd

That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,
And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves had rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.
Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; choak'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty; and thy ſtream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings,
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the Britiſh Thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.
Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores: the canvas ſmooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-fluſh'd.
All is the gift of Induſtry; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy ſpring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That waving round, recal my wandering ſong.

A HARVEST SCENE, with the STORY of PALEMON and LAVINIA. [THOMSON.]

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripened field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameleſs gentle offices, her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves;
While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, binds up the ſhocks;
And, conſcious, glancing oft on every ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſparing harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandmen! but throw
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The liberal handful. Think, Oh grateful think!
How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, you give.
The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhun'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was freſher than the morning-roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs: for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes it balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from antient uncorrupted times:
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her down-caſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,

Should

Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.
"What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
"By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
"And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
"Should be devoted to the rude embrace
"Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
"Of old Acaſto's line; and to my mind
"Recalls that patron of my happy life,
"From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
"Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
"And once fair ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
"'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
"Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
"Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
"His aged widow and his daughter live,
"Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
"Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſports ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus, Palemon, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
"And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
"She whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought,
"So long in vain? O yes! the very ſame,
"The ſoftened image of my noble friend,
"Alive, his every feature, every look,
"More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than ſpring!
"Thou ſole-ſurviving bloſſom from the root
"That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
"In what ſequeſter'd deſart, haſt thou drawn
"The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
"Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
"Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
"Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years?
"O let me now, into a richer ſoil

"Tranſplant

" Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns, and ſhowers,
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
" Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
" Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
" The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening-hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offſpring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

A MAN periſhing in the SNOW, with REFLEXIONS on the MISERIES of HUMAN LIFE.

[THOMSON.]

AS thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow! and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid

Beneath

Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing thro' the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of Man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt,
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffened corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.
Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,

How

How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain:
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt Man and Man:
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery: ſore pierc d by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty: how many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic muſe:
Even in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs: how many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh.——Thought fond Man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

The SUBJECT of PARADISE LOST—INVOCATION of the MUSE—MAN'S DISOBEDIENCE—Loss of PARADISE—SATAN driven out of HEAVEN.

[MILTON.]

OF Man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man,
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing, heav'nly Muſe! that on the ſecret top

Of

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning, how the Heav'ns and Earth
Roſe out of Chaos: or if Sion-hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhime.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt; Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſatt'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raiſe and ſupport;
That to the height of this great argument
I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to Men.
Say firſt, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; ſay firſt what cauſe
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy ſtate,
Favour'd of Heav'n ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his will,
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whoſe guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his hoſt
Of rebel-angels, by whoſe aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory' above his peers,
He truſted to have equall'd the Moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal ſky,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion, down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night

To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The diſmal ſituation waſte and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all ſides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe,
Regions of ſorrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
And reſt can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd:
Such place eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious, here their priſ'on ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the center thrice to th' utmoſt pole.

SATAN lying on the BURNING LAKE.

[MILTON.]

THUS Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugeſt that ſwim th' ocean ſtream:
Him haply ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his ſcaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night

Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others; and enrag'd might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace and mercy ſhown
On Man by him ſeduc'd, but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With ſolid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And ſuch appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of ſubterranean wind tranſports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thund'ring Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: ſuch reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet.

DESCRIPTION of SATAN's SHIELD and SPEAR.

[MILTON.]

HE ſcarce had ceas'd when the ſuperior Fiend
Was moving tow'rd the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſolé,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.

His

His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle.

SATAN's PRE-EMINENCE above the other fallen ANGELS. [MILTON.]

——THUS far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread commander: he, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory' obſcur'd; as when the ſun new riſen
Looks through the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel.

PANDEMONIUM. [MILTON.]

ANON out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo ſuch magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately height; and ſtrait the doors
Opening their brazen folds diſcover wide,
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,

Pendent

Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky.

An ADDRESS to LIGHT.

[MILTON.]

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n firſt-born,
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam!
May I expreſs thee' unblam'd? ſince God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright eſſence increate.
Or hear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell? before the ſun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
The riſing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formleſs infinite.
Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkneſs borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
I ſung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Through hard and rare. Thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two, equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tireſias, and Phineus, prophets old:

Then

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

SATAN's SPEECH to the SUN.

[MILTON.]

O Thou that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride, and worſe ambition, threw me down,
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs king.
Ah wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none: nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I ſdein'd ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,

So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd;
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior Angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other Power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then, or what, to' accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
And, in the loweſt deep, a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes, and other vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and ſcepter high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery; ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain,
By acts of grace, my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant

Vows

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short Intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us out-caſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world ſhall know.

SATAN's Approach to PARADISE—That Place deſcribed. [Milton.]

SO on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and over head up grew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene; and as the ranks aſcend
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhow'r'd the earth; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſkip: and of pure now purer air

Meets

Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs but deſpair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odours, from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt; with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles.

SATAN's firſt Sight of ADAM and EVE.

[MILTON.]

TWO of far nobler ſhape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked Majeſty, ſeem'd lords of all:
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd;
For contemplation he, and valour form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive grace;
He for God only, ſhe for God in him.
His fair large front and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the ſlender waiſt
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.

EVE gives an Account of what firſt befel her after her CREATION. [MILTON.]

THAT day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſued from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love; there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair Creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded, and from that time ſee

How

How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.

A DESCRIPTION of NIGHT.

[MILTON.]

NOW came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all Things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſapphirs: Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.

EVE deſcribes her HAPPINESS in ADAM's COMPANY. [MILTON.]

WITH thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons, and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.

RENCOUNTER between GABRIEL and SATAN in PARADISE. [MILTON.]

WHILE thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported ſpears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harveſt waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting ſtands,
Leſt on the threſhing floor his hopeful ſheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other ſide Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated ſtood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp
What ſeem'd both ſpear and ſhield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have enſued, nor only Paradiſe
In this commotion, but the ſtarry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements,
At leaſt had gone to wrack, diſturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms; in theſe he put two weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the Fiend.
Satan, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine;
Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then
To boaſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhown how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

The

The MORNING HYMN of ADAM and EVE.

[MILTON.]

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyſelf how wond'rous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe Heavens,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt,
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſtreaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world s great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,

Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

RAPHAEL's Deſcent from HEAVEN to PARADISE.

[MILTON.]

SO ſpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juſtice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thouſand celeſtial Ardors, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up ſpringing light
Flew through the midſt of Heav'n; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Star interpos'd, however ſmall, he ſees,
Not unconform to other ſhining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glaſs
Of Galileo, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagin'd lands, and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidſt the Cyclades,
Delos or Samos firſt appearing, kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteddy wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan

Winnow

Winnows the buxom air; till within ſoar
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he ſeems
A Phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
When to inſhrine his reliques in the ſun's
Bright temple, to Eyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
He lights, and to his proper ſhape returns,
A Seraph wing'd: ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair, that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch; and to his ſtate,
And to his meſſage high, in honour riſe;
For on ſome meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
Their glitt'ring tents he paſs'd, and now is come
Into the blisful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odours, caſſia, nard, and balm;
A wilderneſs of ſweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliſs.

ENCOUNTER between ABDIEL and SATAN: Beginning of the firſt BATTLE of the ANGELS.

[MILTON.]

SO ſay'ing, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight,
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſy ſpear upſtay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat,
Half ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeiz'd
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to ſee

Thus foil'd their mightieſt; ours joy fill'd, and ſhout,
Preſage of victory, and fierce deſire
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid ſound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vaſt of Heaven
It ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hoſanna to the High'eſt: nor ſtood at gaze
The adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
The horrid ſhock. Now ſtorming fury roſe,
And clamour ſuch as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
Horrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noiſe
Of conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
So under fiery cope together ruſh'd
Both battles main, with ruinous aſſault
And inextinguiſhable rage; all Heaven
Reſounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her center ſhook.

ENCOUNTER between MICHAEL and SATAN.

[MILTON.]

THEY ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
Unſpeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conſpicuous that may lift
Human imagination to ſuch height
Of Godlike pow'r? for likeſt Gods they ſeem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while expectation ſtood
In horror; from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets, ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition, in mid ſky
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.

Together

Together both with next to' almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention; but the ſword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: it met
The ſword of Satan, with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtay'd,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep ent'ring, ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd through him: but th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of necta'rous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial Spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd, ere while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By Angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence; while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh, and deſpite, and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for Spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and colour, ſhape, or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.

ADDRESS to the MUSE, URANIA.

[MILTON.]

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine

Following, above th' Olympian hill I ſoar,
Above the flight of Pegaſéan wing.
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'ſt; but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountains flow'd,
Thou with eternal wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
In preſence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial ſong. Up led by thee,
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring; with like ſafety guided down,
Return me to my native element:
Leſt from this flying ſteed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Diſmounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound
Within the viſible diurnal ſphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude; yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the eaſt: ſtill govern thou my ſong,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild Rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodophe, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the ſavage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heav'nly, ſhe an empty dream.

The CREATION of the WORLD deſcribed.

[MILTON.]

——MEAN while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd

Of

Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And ſurging waves, as mountains, to aſſault
Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your diſcord end:
Nor ſtay'd; but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright proceſſion, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then ſtay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compaſſes, prepar'd
In God's eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
This univerſe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vaſt profundity obſcure,
And ſaid, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy juſt circumference, O world.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: Darkneſs profound
Cover'd th' abyſs: but on th' wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs; but downward purg'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,

Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her center hung.

The firſt Appearance of the SUN and MOON.

[MILTON.]

FIRST in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon,
But oppoſite in levell'd weſt was ſet,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect; and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds.

The CREATION of BIRDS deſcribed.

[MILTON.]

MEAN while the tepid caves, and fens, and ſhores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge
They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build:
Part looſly wing the region, part more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their airy caravan high over ſeas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with ſong

Solac'd

Solac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
Till ev'n; nor then the ſolemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
Others on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breaſt; the ſwan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons, tower
The mid aerial ſky: Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the creſted cock, whoſe clarion ſounds
The ſilent hours; and th' other, whoſe gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry' eyes.

The DEITY reſolves to create MAN.

[MILTON.]

NOW Heav'n in all her glory ſhone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great firſt Mover's hand
Firſt wheel'd their courſe; earth in her rich attire
Conſummate lovely ſmil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fiſh, beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the ſixth day yet remain'd:
There wanted yet the maſter-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but indued
With ſanctity of reaſon, might erect
His ſtature, and upright with front ſerene
Govern the reſt, ſelf-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correſpond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Deſcends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worſhip God ſupreme, who made him chief
Of all his works.

ADAM gives an Account of his CONDITION and SENTIMENTS, immediately after his CREATION.

[MILTON.]

——AS new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moiſture fed.

Strait

Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion, up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my Feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not; to ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r præeminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light; when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank, profuſe of flowers,
Penſive I ſat me down: there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drouſed ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,
Firſt Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt Father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,

And

And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody mountain; whoſe high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodlieſt trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I ſaw
Of earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Loaden with faireſt fuit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd.

ADAM's Deſcription of EVE.

—YET when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf complete, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded, wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcount'nanc'd, and like folly ſhows;
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs, their ſeat
Build in her lovelieſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

EVE parts with ADAM.—The SERPENT finds her; and is ſo ſtrongly affected with her Beauty and Innocence, that he almoſt lays aſide his helliſh Deſign.

[MILTON.]

THUS ſaying, from her huſband's hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's ſelf
In gait ſurpaſs'd, and Goddeſs-like deport;
Though not, as ſhe, with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with ſuch gard'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likeſt ſhe ſeem'd, Pomona when ſhe fled
Vertumnus,

Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proſerpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye purſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe;
Such ambuſh, hid among ſweet flow'rs and ſhades,
Waited with helliſh rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or ſend thee back
Deſpoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliſs.
For now, and ſince firſt break of dawn, the Fiend,
Mere ſerpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his queſt, where likelieſt he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bow'r and field he ſought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleaſant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by ſhady rivulet
He ſought them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
Eve ſeparate; he wiſh'd, but not with hope
Of what ſo ſeldom chanc'd: when to his wiſh,
Beyond his hope, Eve ſeparate he ſpies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood,
Half ſpy'd, ſo thick the roſes buſhing round
About her glow'd; oft ſtooping to ſupport,
Each flow'r of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
Carnation, purple', azure, or ſpeck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unſuſtain'd; them ſhe upſtays
Gently with myrtle band, mindleſs the while
Herſelf, though faireſt unſupported flower,
From her beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of ſtateliеſt covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now ſeen
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:

Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, hoſt of old Laertes ſon;
Or that, not myſtic, where the ſapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe.
Much he the place admir'd, the perſon more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy', each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance with nymph-like ſtep fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more,
She moſt, and in her look ſums all delight:
Such pleaſure took the Serpent to behold
This flow'ry plat, the ſweet receſs of Eve
Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more ſoft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of geſture, or leaſt action, overaw'd
His malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought.

ADAM's Lamentation over EVE, upon her eating the forbidden FRUIT; and his Reſolution to ſhare the ſame Fate with her.

[MILTON.]

O Faireſt of creation, laſt and beſt
Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt, how on a ſudden loſt,
Defac'd, deflow'r'd, and now to death devote?
Rather, how haſt thou yielded to tranſgreſs
The ſtrict forbiddance, how to violate
The ſacred fruit forbidd'n? Some curſed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown;
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die:
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy ſweet converſe and love ſo dearly join'd,

To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: fleſh of fleſh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.

EVE's LAMENTATION upon her being doomed to quit PARADISE. [MILTON.]

O Unexpected ſtroke, worſe than of Death!
Muſt I thus leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to ſpend,
Quiet though ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation, and my laſt
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now ſhall rear ye to the ſun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
Thee laſtly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet, from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild? how ſhall we breathe in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?

A HYMN to CONTENTMENT. [PARNELL.]

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human-kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head!
What happy regions doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe?

Ambition

Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate, to meet thee there.
Increaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold inſhrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky,
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
Lovely, laſting peace, appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with *Eden* bleſs'd,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
And ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd, as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of the grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke——Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.
Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat,
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy;
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r;

Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And Thee, *Great Source of nature*, ſing.
The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Shou'd be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of Man.
Go, ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your *buſy*, or your *vain* extreams;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the *next* begun in *This*.

A NIGHT-PIECE on DEATH.

[PARNELL.]

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught *below*.
How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow,
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.

The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.

Thoſe graves with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame,
(Which ere our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away)
A *Middle Race* of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs and bones,
Theſe (all the poor remains of ſtate)
Adorn the *Rich*, or praiſe the *Great*;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades;
All flow, and wan, and wrapt with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
Think, Mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.

When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a *King of Fears* am I!
They view me like the laſt of things:
They make, and then they dread, my ſtings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man wou'd ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.
Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendant cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul theſe forms of woe:
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their ſuff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun:
Such joy, tho' far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HEALTH; an ECLOGUE.

[PARNELL.]

NOW early ſhepherds o'er the meadow paſs,
And print long footſteps in the glitt'ring graſs;
The cows neglectful of their paſture ſtand,
By turns obſequious to the milker's hand.
When *Damon* ſoftly trod the ſhaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleaſing walk he wander'd thro',
A cover'd arbour clos'd the diſtant view;
There reſts the *Youth*, and while the feather'd throng
Raiſe their wild muſick, thus contrives a ſong.

Here

Here wafted o'er by mild *Eteſian* air,
Thou, country *Goddeſs*, beauteous *Health!* repair!
Here let my breaſt, thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
Thy roſy bleſſings with the morning gale;
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my ſoul! I feel the *Goddeſs* nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreſhing breezes run,
The ſmiling dazies blow beneath the ſun,
The brooks run purling down with ſilver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compaſs rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High ſunny ſummits, deeply ſhaded dales,
Thick moſſy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various proſpect gratify the ſight,
And ſcatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country *Goddeſs*, come; nor thou ſuffice,
But bring thy mountain-ſiſter, *Exerciſe*.
Call'd by thy lively voice, ſhe turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finiſh'd chaſe;
She mounts the rocks, ſhe ſkims the level plain;
Dogs, hawks, and horſes, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meſhes looſely float behind.
All theſe, as means of toil the feeble ſee,
But theſe are helps to pleaſure join'd with thee.
Let *Sloth* lie ſoft'ning till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the ſult'ry town,
Unnerv'd with reſt; and turn her own diſeaſe,
Or foſter others in luxurious eaſe:
I mount the courſer, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where ſtags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And ſhake the ſaplings with their branching head;
I make the faulcons wing their airy way,
And ſoar to ſeize, or ſtooping ſtrike their prey;
To ſnare the fiſh I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of exerciſe I range,
And ſtrength and pleaſure riſe from ev'ry change.
Here beauteous *Health* for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh

Oh come, thou *Goddeſs* of my rural ſong,
And bring thy daughter, calm *Content*, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I platt my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and ſupport my flow'rs;
To welcome her this ſummer-ſeat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt;
When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſe.
Now friends converſing, my ſoft hours refine,
And *Tully*'s *Tuſculum* revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of eaſy *Fancy* rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove:
The native *Bard* that on *Sicilian* plains
Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains;
Or *Maro*'s muſe, that in the faireſt light
Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight.
Theſe ſoft *Amuſements* bring *Content* along,
And *Fancy*, void of ſorrow, turns to *Song*.
Here beauteous *Health* for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

A CONTEMPLATION on NIGHT.

[GAY.]

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my ſenſe,
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow,
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty loſt;

No diſtant landſkips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet ſtill, ev'n now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of ſtars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundleſs ſphere:
The ſilver Moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes,
Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether thoſe ſtars that twinkling luſtre ſend,
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare,
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are;
But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful *Word* ſhall hear.
When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends,
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plow correct the fallow ſoil,
While we in ſleep's embraces waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.
When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall night's alternate reign be known:
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh, may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy!
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame,
But thou, O God, for ever ſhine the ſame.

A THOUGHT on ETERNITY.

[GAY.]

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the ſubterraneous flame

Shall burſt its priſon, and devour this frame,
From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat diſſolves the melting ſkies,
Thou ſtill ſhalt be; ſtill, as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time ſhall be no more.
O endleſs thought! divine eternity!
Th' immortal ſoul ſhares but a part of thee;
For thou wert preſent when our life began,
When the warm duſt ſhot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompaſs'd round,
Amidſt our hopes, Fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound:
To-day the ſtateſman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death deſtroys his airy ſchemes;
Is mouldy treaſure in thy cheſt confin'd?
Think all that treaſure thou muſt leave behind;
Thy heir with ſmiles ſhall view thy blazon'd herſe,
And all thy hoards with laviſh hand diſperſe.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will ſicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves diſarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wiſh to ſtretch this narrow ſpan,
To ſuffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous ſoul purſues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wiſhes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundleſs theme extends our thought,
Ten thouſand thouſand rolling years are nought.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, on his Picture of KING GEORGE I. [ADDISON.]

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurpriſe
We ſee *Britannia*'s Monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade;
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends, and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, and every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,

And *Albion*'s happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their Sov'reign, thro' his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crouds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And ſtampt on *Britiſh* coins ſhall live;
To richeſt ores the value give:
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial ſun
Has daily ſince his courſe begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.
Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, haſt vy'd
With nature in a generous ſtrife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And in the robes of ſtate array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.
Here ſwarthy *Charles* appears, and there
His Brother with dejected air:
Triumphant *Naſſau* here we find,
And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
There *Anna*, great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies thro' the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was diſgrac't:
O may fam'd *Brunſwick* be the laſt,
Tho' heaven ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)
The laſt, the happieſt *Britiſh* king,
Whom thou ſhalt paint, or I ſhall ſing!
Wiſe *Phidias*, thus his ſkill to prove,
Thro' many a God advanc'd to *Jove*,
And taught the poliſh'd rocks to ſhine
With airs and lineaments divine;

'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' aſſembled deities ſurvey'd.
Great *Pan*, who wont to chaſe the fair,
And lov'd the ſpreading oak, was there;
Old *Saturn* too with up caſt eyes,
Beheld his abdicated ſkies;
And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childleſs goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads; the web ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her ſhort-liv'd darling ſon to mourn.
The laſt was he, whoſe thunder ſlew
The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand:
For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſk his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a *George*, or carv'd a *Jove*?

GRONGAR HILL.

[DYER.]

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy ſiſter Muſe:
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar Hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;

Grongar,

Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells
Sweetly muſing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the evening ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
'Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day:
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal;
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe;
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open ſcene
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak, with broad-ſpread boughs,
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an aweful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs and weeds:
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has been, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And ſee the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky;
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream;
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee!
Content me with a humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For while our wiſhes idly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air;
And miſers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſick fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

LABOUR RECOMMENDED.

[DYER.]

——EV'N nature lives by toil:
Beaſt, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at reſt,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Faſhion'd, improv'd, by labour. This, of old,
Wiſe ſtates obſerving, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the ſpade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating ſheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence ſtrength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What ſimple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the fleece,
(Yet uſeleſs, riſing in unſhapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A veſture uſefully ſuccinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The ſcatter'd miſts reveal the duſky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn aſcends,
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming ſpires; ariſe, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the ſpiky comb

Drop

Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in ſoft flakes, and ſwell the whiten'd floor.
Come, village-nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the ſoft material; with light ſtep
Whether ye turn around the ſpacious wheel,
Or, patient ſitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand aſſiſt
To guide and ſtretch the gently-leſſening thread:
Even, unknotted twine will praiſe your ſkill.

COUNTRY WORKHOUSES propoſed—a Deſcription of one—good Effects of INDUSTRY.

[DYER.]

O When, thro' ev'ry province, ſhall be rais'd
Houſes of labour, ſeats of kind conſtraint,
For thoſe, who now delight in fruitleſs ſports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honeſt wealth would yield, and portion due,
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who ſeek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For ſuſtenance unearn'd; who ſtroll abroad
From houſe to houſe, with miſchievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppreſs'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Thro' ſtorms, and rains, and bitterneſs of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happineſs: the long-wiſh'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigour ſhall detain
Your ſtep-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the ſons of trade,
Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets ſmile,
Erect the manſion *: here ſoft fleeces ſhine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here ſhroud you from the thunder of the ſtorm;
No rain ſhall wet your pillow; here abounds
Pure bev'rage; here your viands are prepar'd:
To heal each ſickneſs the phyſician waits,
And prieſt entreats to give your MAKER praiſe.
Behold, in Calder's † vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villa's creep the ſhrubby hills,

* Erect the manſion—This alludes to the workhouſes at Briſtol, Birmingham &c.

† Calder, a river in Yorkſhire, which runs below Halifax, and paſſes by Wakefield.

A ſpacious dome for this fair purpoſe riſe.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
ELIZA's image ſtands. By gentle ſteps
Up rais'd, from room to room we ſlowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with ſilent joy,
The ſprightly ſcene; where many a buſy hand,
Where ſpoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murm'ring ſound, th' unwonted ſenſe
Wrap in ſurpriſe. To ſee them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the ſpreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal can beſtow. Nor leſs they gain
Virtue than wealth, while on their uſeful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal ſcale
Some deal abroad the well-aſſorted fleece;
Theſe card the ſhort, thoſe comb the longer flake;
Others the harſh and clotted lock receive,
Yet ſever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper uſe. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the eaſy work of winding yarn
On ſwiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks:
Such joy ariſes in the mind employ'd.
Another ſcene diſplays the more robuſt,
Raſping or grinding tough Braſilian woods,
And what Campeachy's diſputable ſhore
Copious affords to tinge the thirſty web;
And the Caribbee iſles, whoſe dulcet canes
Equal the honey-comb. We next are ſhown
A circular machine,* of new deſign,
In conic ſhape: It draws and ſpins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needleſs hands.
A wheel inviſible, beneath the floor,
To ev'ry member of th' harmonious frame
Gives neceſſary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he ſays,
Is ſmoothly lapp'd around thoſe cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque

* A moſt curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at preſent contrived to ſpin cotton; but it may be made to ſpin fine carded wool.

Of

Of upright ſpindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.
From this delightful manſion (if we ſeek
Still more to view the gifts which honeſt toil
Diſtributes) take we now our eaſtward courſe,
To the rich fields of Burſtal. While around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, ſmile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
Of buſy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incenſe of thankſgiving: all is joy;
And trade and buſineſs guide the living ſcene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the ſlow-ſailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of ſlow-pac'd ſteeds.
As when a ſunny day invites abroad
The ſedulous ants, they iſſue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haſte
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and ſucceed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious ſtore of corn:
The grazier's ſleeky kine obſtruct the roads;
The neat-dreſs'd houſewives, for the feſtal board
Crown'd with full baſkets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; th' echoing hills repeat
The ſtroke of ax and hammer; ſcaffolds riſe,
And growing edifices; heaps of ſtone,
Beneath the chiſſel, beauteous ſhapes aſſume
Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
New ſtreets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,
And ſacred domes of worſhip. Induſtry,
Which dignifies the artiſt, lifts the ſwain,
And the ſtraw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work preſides. Such was the ſcene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
Firſt view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increaſing walls of buſy Mancheſter,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whoſe redd'ning fields
Riſe and enlarge their ſuburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For ev'ry realm, the careful factors meet,
Whiſp'ring each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like war's bright files, beyond the ſight extend.
Straight, ere the ſounding bell the ſignal ſtrikes,

Which ends the hour of traffick, they conclude
With ſpeedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, ſuperior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

A wiſe KING, and a bold and impartial JUDGE, inſtanced in the conduct of HENRY V. and Lord Chief Juſtice GASCOIGNE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

CH. JUST. I Am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. HENRY. No! might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of England! was this eaſy?
May this be waſh'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and pow'r of law and juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at naught:
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench,
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt Royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your Royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your ſtate,

What

What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Liege's ſovereignty.
P. HENRY. You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words:
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
Into the hand of juſtice.——You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents,
To your well practis'd wiſe directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave;
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Though my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majeſty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our ſtate,

And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten Harry's happy life one day.

The VANITY of POWER, and the MISERY of KINGS: a Dialogue between SCROOP and RICHARD II.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

SCROOP. MORE health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. RICH. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? Why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects? That we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP. Glad am I that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with women's voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy crown.
Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew, againſt thy ſtate:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

K. RICH. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? where is he got?
What is become of Buſhy? Where is Green?
—No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,

Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo ——for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heav'n's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings;
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd.——For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle walls, and farewel King!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while.
I live on bread like you, feel want like you;
Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me I am a king?

The UPBRAIDINGS of a FATHER, and the PIETY of a SON: a Dialogue between King HENRY IV. and Prince HENRY.

P. HENRY. I Never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. HENRY. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that thought.
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe! O fooliſh youth!

Thou

Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſealed up my expectation;
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, Royal ſtate! All you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleneſs:
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint! and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on ev'ry innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. HENRY. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech)
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard

The

The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. HENRY. O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,

How

How troubleſome it ſat upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All their bold feats,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered.
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort:
For thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.
Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again diſplac'd; which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the holy land;
Leſt reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my ſtate. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. HENRY. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world, will rightfully maintain.

Undaunted COURAGE in the Midſt of DANGER. HENRY V. to his SOLDIERS.

WHAT's he that wiſhes for more men from England?
My couſin Weſtmoreland? No, my fair couſin,

If

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, 'faith, my Lord, wiſh not a man from England:
God's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it (Weſtmoreland) through my hoſt,
That he which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and ſees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, To-morrow is Saint Criſpian:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars.
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
The feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Glo'ſter,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And Criſpin Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he e'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall

Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. Criſpian's day.

The WORLD compared to a STAGE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

ALL the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his Miſtreſs' eyebrow. Then, a ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on's noſe, and pouch on's ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

HONOUR ought to be conferred on MERIT only.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

——FOR who ſhall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhou'd cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry wou'd then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour? How much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſhed?

MERCY. [SHAKESPEARE.]

THE quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſſed;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.——

MUSIC. [SHAKESPEARE.]

JESS. I'M never merry when I hear ſweet muſic.
LOR. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic. Therefore the poet,
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.

The POWER of IMAGINATION.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

THE lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact;
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

DESCRIPTION of a MAN ſwimming aſhore.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

I Saw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwol'n that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore, that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd
As ſtooping to relieve him; I not doubt
He came alive to land.——

The VANITY of HUMAN NATURE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

——THESE our actors
(As I foretold you) were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve:
And, like this unſubſtantial pageant, faded,
Leave not a wreck behind.

CONCEALED LOVE.

[SHAKESPEARE]

——SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek; ſhe pin'd in thought;

And,

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

A BEAUTIFUL PERSON petitioning in vain. [SHAKESPEARE.]

AYE, aye; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf,
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire.

DESCRIPTION of CLEOPATRA's ſailing down the CYDNUS. [SHAKESPEARE.]

THE barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: th' oars were ſilver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature. On each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks, which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flow'r-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her; and Anthony

Enthron'd

Enthron'd i'th' market place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

INBORN ROYALTY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—O, Thou goddeſs,
Thou divine nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys: they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet, as rough,
(Their royal blood enchaf'd,) as the rud'ſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop,
As if it had been ſow'd.

REAL GRIEF.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

SEEMS, Madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew;
Theſe but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.

A FATHER's ADVICE to his SON, going to travel.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:

But

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that th' oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all, to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'ſt not then be falſe to any man.

HAMLET, on the Appearance of his FATHER's GHOST. [SHAKESPEARE.]

ANGELS and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane; Oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments! why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead coarſe, again in complete ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous? And us fools of nature,
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?

HAMLET's SOLILOQUY on DEATH. [SHAKESPEARE.]

TO be, or not to be? that is the queſtion;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,

And by oppoſing end them? To die,—to ſleep,—
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die,—to ſleep;—
To ſleep; perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe;—there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

CATO's SOLILOQUY on the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL. [ADDISON.]

IT muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well—
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,

Thro

Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs?
The wide, the unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when! or where!—this world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this muſt end 'em.
[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.

On FLATTERY, and FIRMNESS of MIND.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

NAY, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits
To feed and cloath thee? Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf; for thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me the man,
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

PEACE after CIVIL WAR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds a-far remote.
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall damp her lips with her own childrens blood:
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed files,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter.

HOTSPUR's DESCRIPTION of a finical COURTIER.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

MY liege, I did deny no priſoners;
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd:
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble land at harveſt-home.
He was perfum'd like a millener;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe.——And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd:
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me; amongſt the reſt, demanded
My priſoners, in your majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds, being gall'd

To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God ſave the mark!)
And telling me the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacety, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

A gallant WARRIOR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

I Saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery pegaſus,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

RUMOUR. [SHAKESPEARE.]

I From the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth;
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world;
And who but rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwol'n with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,

That the blunt monſter, with uncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

On SLEEP. [SHAKESPEARE.]

——O Gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, ſleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull God! why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
A watch-caſe, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours on the ſlipp'ry ſhrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes?
Can'ſt thou, O partial ſleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low! lie down;
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

King HENRY the Fifth's ELOQUENCE. [SHAKESPEARE.]

HEAR him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wiſh,
You would deſire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate on common-wealth affairs,
You'd ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſic.

Tur

Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in mens ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honied ſentences.

The COMMON-WEALTH of BEES.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

SO work the honey-bees:
Creatures, that by a ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of ſort:
Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home:
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, buſied in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon, building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate:
The ſad-ey'd juſtice, with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drone.

DESCRIPTION of a FLEET ſetting Sail.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—SUPPOSE, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young Phœbus fanning,
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge!

DESCRIPTION of NIGHT in a CAMP.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

FROM camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fix'd centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:
And (the third hour of drowzy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned Engliſh,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
(Inveſting lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,)
Preſenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freſhly looks, and overbears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance, and ſweet majeſty;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,

His

His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

The HAPPINESS of a SHEPHERD's LIFE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

METHINKS, it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely ſwain;
To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finiſh up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours, muſt I tend my flock;
So many hours, muſt I take my reſt;
So many hours, muſt I contemplate;
So many hours, muſt I ſport myſelf;
So many days, my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months, ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,
Paſt over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how ſweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their ſubjects treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thouſand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viand's ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt, and treaſon, wait on him.

The VICISSITUDES of LIFE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

SO farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatneſs!

This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory:
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal WOLSEY's SPEECH to CROMWELL.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

CROMWELL, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman——
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard; ſay then I taught thee;
Say, Wolſey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in:
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt: cheriſh thoſe hearts, that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.

Let

Let all the ends, thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr.

NEWS-TELLERS on the DEATH of ARTHUR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

OLD men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful action.
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes,
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news,
Who, with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

PATRIOTISM. [SHAKESPEARE.]

WHAT is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be aught towards the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS in Contempt of CÆSAR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

WHY man, he doth beſtride the narrow world,
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſometimes are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars

But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæſar! what ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompaſs'd but one man.

AMBITION, covered with ſpecious HUMILITY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—BUT 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend.

Againſt the FEAR of DEATH.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

COWARDS die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange, that men ſhould fear:
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

ANTONY's FUNERAL ORATION upon CÆSAR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! noble Brutus

Hath

Hath told you Cæſar was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man:
So are they all, all honourable men.)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious;
When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæſar hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious,
And, ſure he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke;
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe;
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon.——Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

BRUTUS to CASSIUS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

THERE is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means.
By heaven I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend

To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces!

OPPORTUNITY to be ſeized in all AFFAIRS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat:
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

ANTONY's CHARACTER of BRUTUS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

THIS was the nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did, that they did, in envy of great Cæſar:
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world; "This was a man!"

LEAR's paſſionate Exclamations amidſt the TEMPEST.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

BLOW winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
Till you have drencht our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulph'rous, and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once
That make ingrateful man.
Rumble thy belly-full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain;

Nor

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no Subſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure;—here I ſtand your ſlave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Pr'ythee go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in:
In, boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty—
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep—
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take phyſic, pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heavens more juſt.

DESCRIPTION of DOVER CLIFFE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

COME on, ſir, here's the place—ſtand ſtill. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.

An oppreſs'd COUNTRY.
[SHAKESPEARE.]

ALAS, poor country,
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtaſy: the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for whom: and good mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.

OTHELLO's RELATION of his COURTSHIP to the SENATE. [SHAKESPEARE.]

MOST potent, grave, and reverent ſigniors,
My very noble, and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true I have married her;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
'Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action, in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with———
Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;

Of

Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travels hiſtory.

All theſe to hear
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively; I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke,
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs;
She ſwore in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful——
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man; —ſhe thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woe her. On this hint I ſpake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.

REPUTATION.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

GOOD name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls;
Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

BANISH-

BANISHMENT, CONSOLATION under it.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

ALL places that the eye of heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity,
And think not, that the king did baniſh thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier ſit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not the king exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lye that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs, whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure or a dance.
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs power to bite
The man, that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

THOUGHTS ineffectual to moderate AFFLICTIONS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

OH, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Oh, no, the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

ENGLAND. [SHAKESPEARE.]

THIS royal throne of kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradiſe,
This fortreſs built by nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;

This

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or of a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands;

England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhores beat back the envious ſiege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is bound in with ſhame.
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf.

The SUN riſing after a dark NIGHT.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—KNow'ſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here:
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.

The CARES of ROYALTY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

PRinces have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of endleſs cares;
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SUBMISSION to HEAVEN, our DUTY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

IN common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus oppoſite to heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

The

The VANITY of TRUST in MAN.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

O Momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Queen MARGARET upbraiding Queen ANNE, the Conſort of RICHARD III. [SHAKESPEARE.]

I Call'd thee then poor ſhadow, painted queen,
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dangerous ſhot;
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy huſband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues and kneels, and ſays, God ſave the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being ſu'd to, one that humbly ſues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me:
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

On DREAMS. [SHAKESPEARE.]

O Then I ſee queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife, and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
On the fore finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,

Athwart

Athwart-mens noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's wat'ry beam
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film;
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers knees, that dream on curtſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:
O'er ladies lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes,
And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again.

DESCRIPTION of an APOTHECARY and his SHOP. [SHAKESPEARE.]

I Do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meagre were his looks;
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;

Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcattered to make up a ſhow.

ADVERSITY the TEST of real MERIT.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—WHY then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in man?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin.
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a broad and pow'rful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter by itſelf,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

The CHARACTER of TROILUS.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

THE youngeſt ſon of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor being provok'd, ſoon calm'd.
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has he gives; what thinks, he ſhews:
Yet gives he not, till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects: but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

SOLITUDE preferred to a COURT LIFE, and the ADVANTAGES of ADVERSITY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

NOW my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods

More free from peril, than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The ſeaſon's difference; as the icy phang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
"This is no flattery;" theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

GRATITUDE in an OLD SERVANT.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

BUT do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility:
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

A MERRY MAN.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—— A Merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch

The

The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite raviſh'd;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

VIRTUE given to be EXERTED.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

HEAV'N doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.

AFFECTED GRAVITY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

I Tell thee what, Antonio,
There are a ſort of men whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhou'd ſay, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
O, my Antonio, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing.——

The DECEIT of ORNAMENT or APPEARANCES.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

THE world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes

Some

Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee, 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt, that wear moſt of it.
So are thoſe criſped, ſnaky, golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull that bred them, in the ſepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wiſeſt.——

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

IS all the council that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition.

MODEST DUTY always acceptable.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

WHERE I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome; truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.

YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

WE were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy-eternal.
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'th' ſun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing: no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er had been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heav'n
Boldly, not guilty.

Part of the KING's deſpairing SOLILOQUY in HAMLET. [SHAKESPEARE.]

IN the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law: but 'tis not ſo above;
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature, we ourſelves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O, wretched ſtate! O boſom black as death!
O, limed ſoul! that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make aſſay;
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well.

A

A HEALTH.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—GIVE me the cup,
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth;
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

REFLECTIONS on a CROWN.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

O Poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open'd wide
To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety.

The MISERIES of ROYALTY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

O Hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? And what have kings,
That private have not too,—ſave ceremony?—
Save gen'ral ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What is the ſoul of adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flatt'ry? O be ſick, great greatneſs,

And bid thy ceremony give the cure.
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe.
I am a king, that find thee, and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed titled running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhoar of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell:
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium: next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe and help Hyperion to his Horſe:
And follows ſo the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The MISERIES of WAR.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

HER vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned lies; her hedges even pleach'd
Like priſoners, wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the culture ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,

But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility:
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildneſs.

A good CONSCIENCE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

WHAT ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in ſteel)
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

ADVICE. [SHAKESPEARE.]

BE thou bleſt, Bertram, and ſucceed thy father,
In manners, as in ſhape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all; truſt a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence;
But never tax'd for ſpeech. ———

HONOUR due to perſonal MERIT, not to BIRTH.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

FROM loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed,
Where great additions ſwell, and virtues none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone
Is good without a name; vileneſs is ſo;
The property, by what it is, ſhou'd go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour; That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy.

Againſt DELAY. [SHAKESPEARE.]

LET's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

A fine DESCRIPTION of a ſleeping MAN, about to be deſtroyed by a SNAKE and a LIONESS. [SHAKESPEARE.]

UNDER an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir: for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead.

DESCRIPTION of a beggarly CONJURER or a FORTUNE-TELLER, [SHAKESPEARE.]

—— A Hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt.——

MERCY in GOVERNORS commended. [SHAKESPEARE.]

NO ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed ſword,

The

The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does.

PRECEPTS againſt ILL-FORTUNE.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—YOU were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

ENGLAND invincible, if unanimous.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

ENGLAND never did, nor ever ſhall
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms;
And we ſhall ſhock them.—Nought ſhall make us rue,
If England to itſelf do reſt but true.

CEREMONY inſincere.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

—EVER note, Lucilius,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony:
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith;
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

HOUNDS and HUNTING.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

I Was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear

Such gallant chiding; for beſide the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder!
My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flued, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew,
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd; like Theſſalian bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,
Each under each: a cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd to, nor chear'd with horn.

Popular INGRATITUDE and CURIOSITY.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

O You hard hearts! You cruel men of Rome!
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great Pompey paſs the ſtreets of Rome!
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your ſounds
Made in his concave ſhores?

The LIFE of an AFRICAN.

[ADDISON.]

—BEHOLD the African,
That traverſes our vaſt Numidian deſarts
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow:
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chace,
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock till morn;
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars and thinks it luxury.

CATO

CATO's ADDRESS to the SENATE.

[ADDISON.]

LET us appear nor raſh nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the Gods:
But wait at leaſt 'till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt,
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty:
And let me periſh, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

DESCRIPTION of a HURRICANE.

[ADDISON.]

SO, where our wide Numidian waſtes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.
The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurprize
Sees the dry deſart all around him riſe,
And, ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind, dies.

CATO's ADVICE to his FRIENDS.

[ADDISON.]

REMEMBER, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,

(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood!)
Oh, let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.

CATO's ADVICE to his SON.

[ADDISON.]

PORTIUS, draw near: my ſon, thou oft has ſeen
Thy ſire engag'd in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction: now thou ſee'ſt me
Spent, overpower'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs;
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal ſeat, the ſabine field.
Where the great Cenſor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal anceſtors were bleſs'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life;
There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyſelf to be obſcurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

ACTION oppoſed to CONTEMPLATION.

[BELLERS.]

THIS were to loſe the very end of being,
And render virtue uſeleſs to the world.
'Tis action gives its beauteous image life,
As it diffuſes health to human kind.
Which is, without it, but a fair idea,
A painted proſpect, void of all the worth
Which its appearance boaſts. This were to be
The mere outſide, the ſtatue of a man.

AMBITION inſeparable from GREAT MINDS.

[S. JOHNSON.]

AMBITION is the ſtamp, impreſs'd by Heav'n,
To mark the nobleſt minds; with active heat
Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,

Graſp

Graſp at command and tow'r in queſt of empire;
While vulgar ſouls compaſſionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner ſpirits with amazement mark
The varying ſeaſons, and revolving ſkies,
And aſk, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While ſome Archangel nearer to perfection,
In eaſy ſtate preſides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careleſs nod,
Conducts the ſun, and regulates the ſpheres.

The Unſteadineſs of an arbitrary GOVERNMENT, and the Miſery of a deſpotic PRINCE.

[TRAP.]

NO government can e'er be ſafe that's founded
On luſt, on murder, and deſpotic power.
'Tis not in lawleſs ſtrength, to turn and manage
This cumb'rous and unwieldy bulk of empire,
Which like the reſtleſs ſea ſtill works and toſſes,
Vex'd with continual change and revolution.
How few of my unhappy ſucceſſors
Will 'ſcape my fate? Even while we keep the throne,
We fear thoſe ſubjects threats on whom we frown,
Infringe their liberty, and loſe our own;
And hourly prove by arbitrary ſway,
That he's the greateſt ſlave, whom none but ſlaves obey.

The HAPPINESS of a free GOVERNMENT.

[S. JOHNSON.]

IF there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws reſtrain the prince and ſubject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied ſtate,
Sure not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
Her grateful ſons ſhine bright with ev'ry Virtue;
Untainted with the luſt of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the ſacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

The KILLING of a BOAR.

[OTWAY.]

FORTH from the thicket ruſh'd another boar,
So large he ſeem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful briſtles rais'd up high;
They ſeem'd a grove of ſpears upon his back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was poſted,
Whetting his huge long tuſks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till brandiſhing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I ſtruck
The ugly brindled monſter to the heart.

The ſame. [SMITH.]

—WE purſued the chaſe,
When from behind the wood, with ruſtling ſound,
A monſtrous boar ruſh'd forth: his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his ſtiff-pointed briſtles
Roſe high upon his back: at me he made,
Whetting his tuſks, and chewing hideous foam.
Then, then Hyppolitus flew in to aid me!
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling ſpear, the well-aim'd javelin
Pierc'd his tough ſide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monſter fell, and gnaſhing with huge tuſks,
Plough'd up the crimſon earth.

DESCRIPTION of a POPULOUS CITY.

[YOUNG.]

THIS ancient city,
How wanton ſits ſhe, amidſt nature's ſmiles!
Nor from her higheſt turret has to view
But golden landſkips and luxuriant ſcenes,
A waſte of wealth, the ſtore-houſe of the world;
Here fruitful vales far ſtretching fly the ſight,
There ſails unnumber'd whiten all the ſtream,
While from the banks full twenty thouſand cities

Surve

Survey their pride, and ſee their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break againſt the ſhoar.
Various nations meet
As in a ſea, yet not confin'd in ſpace,
But ſtreaming freely thro' the ſpacious ſtreets,
Which ſends forth millions at each brazen gate;
Whene'er the trumpet calls high over head,
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

RURAL COURTSHIP.

[DRYDEN.]

——HE preferr'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank;
Still ſhun'd their company, and ſtill ſought mine.
I was not won by gifts; yet ſtill he gave;
And all his gifts, tho' ſmall, yet ſpoke his love:
He pick'd the earlieſt ſtrawberries in the woods,
The cluſter'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating Stare to ſpeak my name;
And when he found a neſt of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would ſhew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

DESCRIPTION of a PERSON left on a deſart ISLAND.

[THOMSON.]

——NEXT night—a dreary night!
Caſt on the wildeſt of the Cyclad Iſles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the ſhore,
Theſe Ruffians left me.——————
——————Beneath a ſhade
I ſat me down, more heavily oppreſs'd,
More deſolate at heart, then e'er I felt
Before. When Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy ſtrain,
As piteous of my woes; till, by degrees,
Compoſing ſleep on wounded nature ſhed
A kind but ſhort relief. At early morn
Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around
For uſual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me ſtretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in ſavage view, behind.

The

The firſt FEATS of a young EAGLE.

[ROWE.]

SO the eagle,
That bears the thunder of our grandſire Jove,
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offſpring
Forſake the neſt, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air, till bolder grown,
Now like a whirlwind on the ſhepherd's fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on ſome dragon's ſcaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feaſt,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain,
Wreathing his ſpiry tail.

The true END of EDUCATION.

[ROWE.]

AND therefore wer't thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wiſdom early planted in thy ſoul,
That thou might'ſt know to rule thy fiery paſſions:
To bind their rage, and ſtay their headlong courſe;
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to ſtruggle with adverſity;
To wait the leiſure of the righteous Gods.
Till they in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once;
A long and ſhining train; till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bleſs thy fate, and ſay the Gods are juſt.

FILIAL PIETY.

[MALLET.]

E'ER ſince reflection beam'd her light upon me,
You, ſir, have been my ſtudy. I have plac'd,
Before mine eyes in ev'ry light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a ſon from ſuch a parent ſprung;
What virtuous toil to ſhine with his renown;
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
But firſt and ever neareſt to my heart

Was

Was this prime duty; ſo to frame my conduct
Tow'rd ſuch a father, as, were I a father,
My ſoul would wiſh to meet with from a ſon.
And may reproach tranſmit my name abhorr'd
To lateſt time—if ever thought was mine
Unjuſt to filial reverence, filial love.

The ſame. [THOMSON.]

—HAVE I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpleſs years
Thy tenderneſs for me? An eye ſtill beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harſh word thy tongue? Shall I for theſe
Repay thy ſtooping venerable age
With ſhame, diſquiet, anguiſh and diſhonour?
It muſt not be!—thou firſt of angels! Come
Sweet filial piety! and firm my breaſt!
Yes, let one daughter to her fate ſubmit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.—

BAD FORTUNE more eaſily borne than GOOD.

[ROWE.]

WITH ſuch unſhaken temper of the ſoul
To bear the ſwelling tide of proſp'rous fortune,
Is to deſerve that fortune. In adverſity
The mind grows rough by buffeting the tempeſt;
But in ſucceſs diſſolving, ſinks to eaſe,
And loſes all her firmneſs.

DESPAIR never to be INDULGED.

[PHILIPS.]

THO' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair:
When preſs'd by dangers, and beſet with foes,
The Gods their timely ſuccour interpoſe;
And when our virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeſeen expedients bring relief.

A FRIEND to FREEDOM can never be a TRAITOR. [THOMSON.]

—HE who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be juſtly deemed his ſovereign's foe:
No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to ſubvert it,
The ſoothing ſlave, the traitor in the boſom,
Who beſt deſerves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happineſs of kingdoms.

DESCRIPTION of a HAG.

[OTWAY.]

IN a cloſe lane, as I purſued my journey,
I ſpy'd a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry ſticks, and mumbling to herſelf;
Her eyes with ſcalding rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold palſy ſhook her head, her hands ſeem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked ſhoulders had ſhe wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old ſtrip'd hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her carcaſe from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarſly patch'd
With different-colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak variety of wretchedneſs.

HAPPINESS the inſeparable Companion of VIRTUE.

[ROWE.]

—TO be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, becauſe they're better.
Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings: the bleſs'd know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their Heav'n is goodneſs.

HONOUR ſuperior to JUSTICE.

[THOMSON.]

HOnour, my Lord, is much too proud to catch
At every ſlender twig of nice diſtinctions.
Theſe for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well:

But thoſe, whoſe ſouls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only ſway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

In what Manner PRINCES ought to be TAUGHT

[MALLET.]

LET truth and virtue be their earlieſt teachers.
Keep from their ear the ſyren-voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot-form of vice,
Who ſpread, in every court, their ſilken ſnares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes inſtruct them,
Superior rank demands ſuperior worth;
Pre-eminence of valour, juſtice, mercy:
But chief, that, tho' exalted o'er mankind,
They are themſelves but men—frail ſuffering duſt;
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt; but fever'd by the ſame heat, chill'd
By the ſame cold, torn by the ſame diſeaſe,
That ſcorches, freezes, racks and kills the beggar.

True END of ROYALTY.

[MALLET.]

——O Witneſs, Heaven!
Whoſe eye the heart's profoundeſt depth explores,
That if not to perform my regal taſk;
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue and religion;
If not to ſhelter uſeful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the ſons of rapine,
And deal out juſtice with impartial hand;
If not to ſpread on all good men thy bounty,
The treaſures truſted to me, not my own;
If not to raiſe anew our Engliſh name,
By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bleſs,
And generous war, to humble proud oppreſſors:
Yet more; if not to build the public weal
On that firm baſe, which can alone reſiſt
Both time and chance, fair liberty and law;
If I for theſe great ends am not ordain'd—
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

The

The real DUTY of a KING.

[ROWE.]

——'TIS true, I am a king:
Honour and glory too have been my aim:
But tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I chuſe to fix my fame by peace,
By juſtice, and by mercy; and to raiſe
My trophies on the bleſſings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I ſway,
Or forfeit of my honour.

CHARACTER of a good KING.

[THOMSON.]

——YES, we have loſt a father!
The greateſt bleſſing heaven beſtows on mortals,
And ſeldom found amidſt theſe wilds of time,
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred,
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deſerv'd that beſt, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue.
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;
The good exalted, and depreſs'd the bad:
He ſpurn'd the flattering crew, with ſcorn rejected
Their ſmooth advice, that only means themſelves,
Their ſchemes to aggrandize him into baſeneſs:
Well knowing that a people, in their rights
And induſtry protected; living ſafe
Beneath the ſacred ſhelter of the laws;
Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labours,
And happy each as he himſelf deſerves;
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unſparing hand
They will for him provide: their filial love,
And confidence are his unfailing treaſury,
And every honeſt man his faithful guard.

The GUILT of bad KINGS.

[MALLET.]

WHEN thoſe whom Heaven diſtinguiſhes o'er millions
And ſhowers profuſely power and ſplendor on them,
Whate'er

Whate'er th' expanded heart can wiſh; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or worſe, pervert thoſe gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule ſo baſe as they?
Guilty, at once, of ſacrilege to Heaven!
And of perfidious robbery to Man!

The true END of LIFE.

[THOMSON.]

WHO, who would live, my Narva, juſt to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the ſtill returning round
Of life's mean offices, and ſickly joys?
But in the ſervice of mankind to be
A guardian God below—ſtill to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raiſe us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us ſhine for ever, That is Life.

The ſame. [S. JOHNSON.]

REFLECT that life and death, affecting ſounds,
Are only varied modes of endleſs being.
Reflect that life, like every other bleſſing,
Derives its value from its uſe alone;
Not for itſelf but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconſiſtent with a greater good,
Reaſon commands to caſt the leſs away;
Thus life, with loſs of wealth, is well preſerv'd,
And virtue cheaply ſav'd with loſs of life.

A LION overcome by a MAN.

[LEE.]

THE prince in a lone court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of gantlets.
At laſt, the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beaſt appear'd:
The flames, which from his eye ſhot glaring red,
Made the ſun ſtart, as the ſpectators thought,
And round them caſt a day of blood and death:
The prince walk'd forward: the large beaſt deſcry'd

His

His prey; and with a roar, that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him: but Lyſimachus
Starting aſide, avoided his firſt ſtroke,
With a ſlight hurt; and as the lion turn'd,
Thruſt gauntlet, arm, and all, into his throat:
Then, with Herculean force, tore forth by th' roots,
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the ſavage,
Faint with the loſs, ſunk to the bluſhing earth,
To plough it with his teeth, your conqu'ring ſoldier
Leap'd on his back, and daſh'd his ſkull to pieces.

CHARACTER of an excellent MAN.

[ROWE.]

HOW could my tongue
Take pleaſure, and be laviſh in thy praiſe!
How could I ſpeak thy nobleneſs of nature!
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, conſtancy,
And in-born truth, unknowing to diſſemble:
Thou art the man in whom my ſoul delights,
In whom, next Heav'n, I truſt.

VIRTUE the only true Source of NOBILITY.

[THOMSON.]

I Tell thee then, whoever amidſt the ſons
Of reaſon, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Diſplays diſtinguiſh'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating. Such have riſen,
Sprung from the duſt; or where had been our honours?
And ſuch, in radiant bands, will riſe again
In yon immortal city, that, when moſt
Depreſt by fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine,
On her aſtoniſh'd foes, and ſhakes them from her.—

The happy EFFECTS of MISFORTUNE.

[THOMSON.]

—IF misfortune comes, ſhe brings along
The braveſt virtues. And ſo many great
Illuſtrious ſpirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her ſchool been taught, as are enough

To conſecrate diſtreſs, and make ambition
Ev'n wiſh the frown beyond the ſmile of fortune.

A DESCRIPTION of the MORNING.

[OTWAY.]

WISH'D morning's come; and now upon the plains,
And diſtant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy ſhepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
The luſty ſwain comes with his well-fill'd ſcrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dreſs the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:
The beaſts, that under the warm hedges ſlept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking tow'rds the neighburing paſtures, raiſe
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow:
The chearful birds too on the tops of trees
Aſſemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute, and welcome up the riſing ſun.

Another. [LEE.]

FROM amber ſhrouds I ſee the morning riſe;
Her roſy hands begin to paint the ſkies:
And now the city emmets leave their hive,
And rouzing hinds to chearful labour drive;
High cliffs and rocks are pleaſing objects now,
And nature ſmiles upon the mountain brow;
The joyful birds ſalute the ſun's approach:
The ſun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;
While from his car the dropping gems diſtil,
And all the earth, and all the heavens do ſmile.

The charming NOTES of the NIGHTINGALE.

[LEE.]

THUS in ſome poplar ſhade, the nightingale,
With piercing moans, does her loſt young bewail:
Which the rough hind, obſerving as they lay
Warm in their downy neſt, had ſtol'n away:

But

But ſhe in mournful ſounds does ſtill complain,
Sings all the night, though all her ſongs are vain,
And ſtill renews her miſerable ſtrain.

The ſame. [ROWE.]

SO when the ſpring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;
She ſeeks the ſafeſt ſhelter of the wood,
Where ſhe may truſt her little tuneful brood:
Where no rude ſwains her ſhady cell may know;
No ſerpents climb, nor blaſting winds may blow:
Fond of the choſen place, ſhe views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;
Warbling ſhe charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

A worthleſs PERSON can claim no MERIT from the VIRTUES of his ANCESTORS.

[ROWE.]

WERE honour to be ſcann'd by long deſcent
From anceſtors illuſtrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greateſt, and recount,
Among my fathers, names of antient ſtory,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who ſubdued
The world by arms and virtue:
But that be their own praiſe:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myſelf an undeſerver.

The LOVE of our COUNTRY the greateſt of VIRTUES. [THOMSON.]

HIS only blot was this; that, much provok'd,
He rais'd his vengeful arm againſt his country.
And lo! the righteous Gods have now chaſtis'd him,
Ev'n by the hands of thoſe for whom he fought.
Whatever private views and paſſions plead,
No cauſe can juſtify ſo black a deed:
Theſe, when the angry tempeſt clouds the ſoul,
May darken reaſon, and her courſe controul;
But when the proſpect clears, her ſtartl'd eye
Muſt from the treach'rous gulph with horror fly,
On whoſe wild wave, by ſtormy paſſions toſt,
So many hapleſs wretches have been loſt.
Then be this truth the ſtar by which we ſteer,
Above ourſelves our COUNTRY ſhould be dear.

The

The ſame. [W. WHITEHEAD.]

LEARN hence, ye Romans, on how ſure a baſe
The patriot builds his happineſs; no ſtroke
No keeneſt, deadlieſt, ſhaft of adverſe fate,
Can make his generous boſom quite deſpair,
But that alone by which his country falls.
Grief may to grief in endleſs round ſucceed,
And nature ſuffer when our children bleed:
Yet ſtill ſuperior muſt that hero prove,
Whoſe firſt, beſt paſſion is his COUNTRY'S LOVE.

In what PHILOSOPHY really conſiſts.
[THOMSON.]

——PHILOSOPHY conſiſts not
In airy ſchemes, or idle ſpeculations:
The rule and conduct of all ſocial life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obſcure ſhe lurks, but holds her heav'nly light
To ſenates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bleſs mankind.
All policy but her's is falſe, and rotten;
All valour, not conducted by her precepts,
Is a deſtroying fury ſent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

SCIPIO reſtoring the Captive PRINCESS to her ROYAL LOVER. [THOMSON.]

——WHAT with admiration
Struck every heart was this.—A noble virgin,
Conſpicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the gen'ral's prize. She wept and bluſh'd,
Young, freſh, and blooming like the morn. An eye,
As when the blue ſky trembles through a cloud
Of pureſt white. A ſecret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through them;
Her ſhape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails; which ſeem'd on purpoſe
By nature laviſh'd on her, that mankind
Might ſee the virtue, of a hero try'd
Almoſt beyond the ſtretch of human force.

Soft

Soft as ſhe paſs'd along, with downcaſt eyes,
Where gentle ſorrow ſwell'd, and now and then
Dropt o'er her modeſt cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languiſh'd, and hard war
Felt more than pity. Ev'n their chief himſelf,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he ſat,
Turn'd from the dangerous ſight, and chiding aſk'd
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
She, queſtion'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and bluſhes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally deſcended,
Of her old captive parents the ſole joy;
And that a hapleſs Celtiberian prince,
Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His loſt dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender ſoul; ſudden the heart
Of this young, conquering, loving, God-like Roman,
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
His wiſhing youth ſtood check'd, his tempting power
Reſtrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various ſcene imagine: how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While ſtretch'd below the trembling ſuppliants lay,
Rack'd by a thouſand mingling paſſions, fear,
Hope, jealouſy, diſdain, ſubmiſſion, grief,
Anxiety and love in every ſhape.
To theſe as different ſentiments ſucceeded,
As mixt emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread ſilence to the lover broke.
" We both are young, both charm'd. The right of war
" Has put thy beauteous miſtreſs in my power;
" With whom I could in the moſt ſacred ties
" Live out a happy life: but know that Romans
" Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
" Then take her to thy ſoul; and with her take
" Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
" I aſk but this; when you behold theſe eyes,
" Theſe charms, with tranſport; be a friend to Rome."

The

The BLESSINGS of PEACE.

[THOMSON.]

——O Beauteous peace:
Sweet union of a ſtate! what elſe, but thou,
Gives ſafety, ſtrength, and glory to a people!
I bow, Lord Conſtable, beneath the ſnow
Of many years; yet in my breaſt revives
A youthful flame. Methinks, I ſee again
Thoſe gentle days renew'd, that bleſs'd our iſle,
Ere by this waſteful fury of diviſion,
Worſe than our Ætna's moſt deſtructive fires,
It deſolated ſunk. I ſee our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harveſt;
Our ſeas with commerce throng'd, our buſy ports
With chearful toil. Our Enna blooms afreſh;
Afreſh the ſweets of thymy Hybla blow.
Our nymphs and ſhepherds, ſporting in each vale,
Inſpire new ſong, and wake the paſtoral reed.

PROVIDENCE. [THOMSON.]

——THERE is a power
Unſeen, that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brighteſt ſtar
To the leaſt duſt of this ſin-tainted mold;
While man, who madly deems himſelf the lord
Of all, is nought but weakneſs and dependance.
This ſacred truth, by ſure experience taught,
Thou muſt have learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each inſect, flitting thro' the ſky,
Was more ſufficient for itſelf, than thou——

PRUDENCE. [THOMSON.]

——LET us
Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,
As well as manly firmneſs. — — —
'Tis godlike magnanimity, to keep,
When moſt provok'd, our reaſon calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a ſtrong ſenſe
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and paſſion, which, tho' honeſt, bear us
Often too far.

O DESCRIP-

DESCRIPTION of SHIPS appearing at a DISTANCE, and approaching the SHORE. [DRYDEN.]

GUIOM. AS far as I could caſt my eyes
Upon the ſea, ſomething, methought, did riſe
Like blueiſh miſts, which, ſtill appearing more,
Took dreadful ſhapes, and thus mov'd towards the ſhore:
The object, I could firſt diſtinctly view,
Was tall ſtrait trees, which on the water flew:
Wings on their ſides inſtead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whoſe out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding ſeas!
MONTEZUMA. What divine monſters, O ye Gods! are theſe,
That float in air, and fly upon the ſeas?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the ſhore?
GUIOM. Alas! they liv'd too ſure: I heard them roar:
All turn'd their ſides, and to each other ſpoke:
I ſaw their words break out in fire and ſmoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
And theſe the younger brothers of the ſky:
Deaf with the noiſe, I took my haſty flight,
No mortal courage can ſupport the fright.

VIRTUE preferable to RANK. [ROWE.]

WHAT tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth!
Titles, the ſervile courtier's lean reward!
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatneſs gives to ſlaves and ſycophants:
Yet Heav'n, that made me honeſt, made me more
Than e'er a king did, when he made a lord.

DESCRIPTION of an ancient CATHEDRAL. [CONGREVE.]

——'TIS dreadful!
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whoſe antient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof!
By its own weight made ſtedfaſt, and immoveable.
Looking tranquillity, it ſtrikes an awe
And terror to my aking ſight! The tombs

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And ſhoot a chilneſs to my trembling heart.

DESCRIPTION of a TRIUMPH.

[LEE.]

—HE comes, and with a port ſo proud,
As if he had ſubdu'd the ſpacious world:
And all Sinope's ſtreets are fill'd with ſuch
A glut of people, you would think ſome God
Had conquer'd in their cauſe, and them thus rank'd,
That he might make his entrance on their heads!
While from the ſcaffolds, windows, tops of houſes,
Are caſt ſuch gaudy ſhow'rs of garlands down,
That ev'n the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city ſeems like one vaſt meadow,
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heav'n with ſtars.
Nay, as I've heard, e'er he the city enter'd,
Your ſubjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: and as our God,
When from the portal of the eaſt he dawns,
Beholds a thouſand birds upon the boughs,
To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
So did your ſubjects, in their gaudy trim,
Upon the pendant branches ſpeak his praiſe.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infants of the breaſt,
Pointing Ziphares out, to make them ſmile;
And climbing boys ſtood on their fathers ſhoulders,
Anſwering their ſhouting ſires, with tender cries,
To make the concert up of general joy.

A SHEPHERD's LIFE happier than a KING's.

[HILL.]

TH' unbuſied ſhepherd, ſtretch'd beneath the hawthorn,
His careleſs limbs thrown out in wanton eaſe,
With thoughtleſs gaze peruſing the arch'd heavens,
And idly whiſtling while his ſheep feed round him;
Enjoys a ſweeter ſhade, than that of canopies,
Hemm'd in by cares, and ſhook by ſtorms of treaſon.

VIRTUE its own REWARD.

[ROWE.]

GREAT minds, like heav'n, are pleas'd with doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful ſubjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does ſtill
With ſcorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject ſouls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthleſs trophies man can raiſe,
She ſeeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praiſe,
But with herſelf, herſelf the goddeſs pays.

No DIFFICULTIES inſuperable to the PRUDENT and BRAVE. [ROWE.]

THE wiſe and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them: ſloth and folly
Shiver and ſhrink at ſight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impoſſibility they fear.

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS. In Imitation of SPENCER. [SHENSTONE.]

AH me, full ſorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modeſt worth neglected lies;
While partial Fame doth with her blaſts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp diſguiſe;
Deeds of ill ſort, and miſchievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddeſs! let me try
To ſound the praiſe of merit, ere it dies:
Such as I oft have chaunced to eſpy,
Loſt in the dreary ſhades of dull obſcurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little ſpire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly ſhed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we ſchool-miſtreſs name;
Who boaſts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven ſore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentleſs dame;
And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or taſk unconn'd, are ſorely ſhent.

And

And all in ſight doth riſe a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did ſtowe;
Whilom a twig of ſmall regard to ſee,
Tho' now ſo wide its waving branches flow;
And work the ſimple vaſſals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs ſhudder'd, and their pulſe beat low;
And, as they look'd, they found their horrow grew,
And ſhap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I ſeen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeleſs phantom near a garden plac'd:
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of ſport, of ſong, of pleaſure, of repaſt;
They ſtart, they ſtare, they wheel, they look aghaſt;
Sad ſervitude! ſuch comfortleſs annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taſte!
Ne ſuperſtition clog his dance of joy,
Ne viſion empty, vain, his native bliſs deſtroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch ſo green,
On which the tribe their gambols do diſplay;
And at the door impris'ning board is ſeen,
Leſt weakly wights of ſmaller ſize ſhould ſtray;
Eager, perdie, to baſk in ſunny day!
The noiſes intermix'd, which hence reſound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where ſits the dame, diſguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven ſnow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for ſceptre, ſhe does wield
Tway birchen ſprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark diſtruſt, and ſad repentance fill'd,
And ſtedfaſt hate, and ſharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chaſtiſement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in ſemblance meet pourtray'd,
The childiſh faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auſter: theſe in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or ſky, or main,
Were the ſtern god to give his ſlaves the rein?

And were not ſhe rebellious breaſts to quell,
And were not ſhe her ſtatutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A ruſſet ſtole was o'er her ſhoulders thrown:
A ruſſet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas ſimple ruſſet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock ſo fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, ſooth to ſay, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe, did term it paſſing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, ſhe been the greateſt wight on ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, goſſip, n'aunt, forſooth,
Or dame, the ſole additions ſhe did hear;
Yet theſe ſhe challeng'd, theſe ſhe held right dear:
Ne wou'd eſteem him act as mought behove,
Who ſhould not honour'd eld with theſe revere:
For never title yet ſo mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen ſhe took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the buſy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her ſchool, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her paſt deportment claim;
And, if neglect had laviſh'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, ſhe would collect the ſame;
For well ſhe knew, and quaintly cou'd expound,
What ſin it were to waſte the ſmalleſt crumb ſhe found.

Herbs too ſhe knew, and well of each could ſpeak,
That in her garden ſipp'd the ſilv'ry dew;
Where no vain flow'r diſclos'd a gaudy ſtreak;
But herbs for uſe, and phyſic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within thoſe borders grew:
The tufted baſil, pun-provoking thyme,
Freſh baum, and mary-gold of chearful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would ſing, diſdaining here to rhyme.

Yet

Yet euphraſy may not be left unſung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radiſh, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marj'ram ſweet, in ſhepherd's poſie found;
And lavender, whoſe ſpikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidſt the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim roſmarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintieſt garden of the proudeſt peer;
Ere, driven from its envied ſite, it found
A ſacred ſhelter for its branches here;
Where, edg'd with gold, its glitt'ring ſkirts appear.
O waſſel days! O cuſtoms meet and well!
Ere this was baniſh'd from its lofty ſphere:
Simplicity then fought this humble cell,
Nor ever would ſhe more with Thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on ſabbath's decent eve,
Hymned ſuch pſalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, ſhe to her hearth did cleave;
But in her garden found a ſummer ſeat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Iſrael's ſons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a ſong intreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every ſtring,
Up hung their uſeleſs lyres—ſmall heart had they to ſing.

For ſhe was juſt, and friend to virtuous lore,
And paſs'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in thoſe elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popiſh rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And ſimple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That would on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny ſaints in ſmould'ring flames did burn:
Ah! deareſt Lord, forefend, thilk days ſhould e'er return.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottiſh ſtem
By the ſharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our ſovereign prince and liefeſt liege is plac'd,
The matron ſate; and ſome with rank ſhe grac'd,

(The ſource of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redreſs'd affronts, for vile affronts there paſs'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well ſhe knew each temper to deſcry;
To thwart the proud, and the ſubmiſs to raiſe;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And ſome entice with pittance ſmall of praiſe;
And other ſome with baleful ſprig ſhe 'frays:
Ev'n abſent, ſhe the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd ſhe ſways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
T will whiſper in her ear, and all the ſcene unfold.

Lo now with ſtate ſhe utters the command!
Eftſoons the urchins to their taſks repair;
Their books, of ſtature ſmall, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn ſecured are;
To ſave from finger wet the letters fair:
The work ſo gay, that on their back is ſeen,
St. George's high atchievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleaſing ſight, I ween!

Ah luckleſs he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil ſtar! it irks me whilſt I write!
As erſt the * bard by Mulla's ſilver ſtream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he ſung, and did in tears indite.
For, brandiſhing the rod, ſhe doth begin
To looſe the brogues, the ſtripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty ſkin,
Fair as the furry coat of whiteſt ermeline.

O ruthful ſcene! when, from a nook obſcure,
His little ſiſter doth his peril ſee:
All playful as ſhe ſate, ſhe grows demure;
She finds full ſoon her wonted ſpirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to ſet him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her ſaid grief that ſwells in either eye,
And wrings her ſo that all for pity ſhe could die.

* Spencer.

Nor

Nor longer can ſhe now her ſhrieks command;
And hardly ſhe forbears, thro' aweful fear,
To ruſhen forth, and, with preſumptuous hand,
To ſtay harſh juſtice in its mid career.
On thee ſhe calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the ſhameful blow!)
She ſees no kind domeſtic viſage near;
And ſoon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a looſe, at laſt, to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his diſguiſed face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous ſhow'r that does his cheek diſtain?
When he, in abject wiſe, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of ſweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high ſhe levels well her aim,
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling ſtroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghaſt, with ſore diſmay,
Attend, and con their taſks with mickle care:
By turns, aſtony'd, every twig ſurvey,
And from their fellow's hateful wounds beware;
Knowing, I wiſt, how each the ſame may ſhare;
'Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known cheſt the dame repair;
Whence oft with ſugar'd cates ſhe doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread-y-rare; now, certes, doubly ſweet!

See to their ſeats they hye with merry glee,
And in beſeemly order ſitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and ſtool, and fourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with ſnubs profound, and heaving breaſt,
Convulſions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjuſt beheſt;
And ſcorns her offer'd love, and ſhuns to be careſs'd.

His face beſprent with liquid cryſtal ſhines,
His blooming face, that ſeems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All ſmear'd and ſully'd by a vernal ſhow'r.

O the hard boſoms of deſpotic pow'r!
All, all, but ſhe, the author of his ſhame,
All, all, but ſhe, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, ſhall claim,
If ſo I deem aright, tranſcending worth and fame.

Behind ſome door, in melancholy thought,
Mindleſs of food, he, dreary caitiff, pines;
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment reſigns;
And deems it ſhame, if he to peace inclines;
And many a ſullen look aſkance is ſent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he deſigns;
And ſtill the more to pleaſure him ſhe's bent,
The more doth he, perverſe, her haviour paſt reſent.

Ah me! how much I fear leſt pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inſpires,
Beware ye dames, with nice diſcernment ſee,
Ye quench not too the ſparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the muſes' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat;
The firm fixt breaſt which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot ſoul; more juſtly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry falſe deceit.

Yet nurs'd with ſkill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now ſagacious foreſight points to ſhow
A little bench of heedleſs biſhops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard ſublime, if bard may e'er be ſo,
As Milton, Shakeſpeare, names that ne'er ſhall die
Tho' now he crawl along the ground ſo low,
Nor weeting how the muſe ſhould ſoar on high,
Wiſheth, poor ſtarv'ling elf! his paper-kite may fly.

And this, perhaps, who, cens'ring the deſign,
Low lays the houſe which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline,
And many an epic to his rage ſhall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, four'd by age, profound he ſhall appear,
As he who now with 'ſdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a ſneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What ſtuff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle ſkie,
And liberty unbars their priſon-door;
And, like a ruſhing torrent, out they fly,
And now the graſſy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boiſt'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thouſand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heav'n ſhield their ſhort-liv'd paſtimes, I implore!
For well may freedom, erſt ſo dearly won,
Appear to Britiſh elf more gladſome than the ſun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your ſportive trade;
And chaſe gay flies, and cull the faireſt flow'rs:
For, when my bones in graſs-green ſods are laid,
For never may ye taſte more careleſs hours
In nightly caſtles, or in ladies bow'rs.
O vain to ſeek delight in earthly thing!
But moſt in courts, where proud ambition tow'rs;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can ſpring
Beneath the pompous dome of keſar or of king.

See in each ſprite ſome various bent appear!
Theſe rudely carol moſt incondite lay;
Thoſe ſauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the ſtranger paſſing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the ſtanding lake their courſes bend,
With pebbles ſmooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's ſav'ry cottage tend,
In paſtry kings and queens th' allotted mite to ſpend.

Here, as each ſeaſon yields a diff'rent ſtore,
Each ſeaſon's ſtores in order ranged been;
Applies with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full ſore th' unmoney'd wight, are ſeen;
And gooſe-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green;
And here, of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyleſs come there,
Leſt, ſmit with ardent love, he pine with hopeleſs care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread ſo white in tempting poſies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aſide;
And muſt be bought, though penury betide.

The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here, each ſeaſon, do thoſe cakes abide,
Whoſe honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rend'ring thro' Britain's iſle Salopia's praiſes known. *

Admir'd Salopia! that, with venial pride,
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her ſtriplings brave:
Ah! midſt the reſt, may flow'rs adorn his grave,
Whoſe art did firſt theſe dulcet cates diſplay!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who chearleſs o'er her darkling region ſtray!
'Till reaſon's morn ariſe, and light them on their way.

A LETTER from ITALY, to the Right Honourable CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, in the Year 1701.

[ADDISON.]

WHILE you, my lord, the rural ſhades admire,
And from Britannia's public poſts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful ſons to pleaſe,
For their advantage ſacrifice your eaſe;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the ſoft ſeaſon and inviting clime
Conſpire to trouble your repoſe with rhime.
For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe,
Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on Claſſic ground;
For here the Muſe ſo oft her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung,
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And ev'ry ſtream in heav'nly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous to his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth Clitumnus to his ſource;
To ſee the Mincio draw his wat'ry ſtore
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoking ſulphur glide.

Fir'd

* Shewſbury cakes.

Fir'd with a thouſand raptures I ſurvey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring Alps of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That, deſtitute of ſtrength, derives its courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in Hibernian vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And, unobſerv'd, in wild meanders play'd,
'Till by your lines and Naſſau's ſword renown'd;
Its riſing billows through the world reſound,
Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.
Oh cou'd the Muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
And Virgil's Italy ſhou'd yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle,
Or, when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:
E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome God, to Baia's gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.

Immortal

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I deſcry,
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public ſhews unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies:
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old Romans deathleſs acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy channels flow.

Still to new ſcenes my wand'ring Muſe retires;
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman Conſuls, ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors, in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſu'd,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where, from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light,
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound:
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound:
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muſe.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her funny ſhores,
With all the gifts that Heav'n and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud Oppreſſion in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny uſurps her happy plains?

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning Orange and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines:
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.
Oh Liberty, thou goddeſs heav'nly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the Sun, and pleaſure to the Day.
Thee, goddeſs, thee, Britannia's iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft, in fields of death, thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With Citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat Olive ſwell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our Heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's iſle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains ſmile.
Others with tow'ring piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the ſtretch'd convaſs give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending ſtate;
To threaten bold preſumptuous kings with war,
And anſwer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bleſs the wiſe conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors ceaſe,
And all the northern world lies huſh'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with ſecret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aſpiring head,
And fain her godlike ſons wou'd diſunite
By foreign gold, or by domeſtic ſpite:

But

But ſtrive in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Naſſau's arms defend and counſels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I ſo oft have found
The diſtant climes and diff'rent tongues reſound,
I bridle in my ſtruggling Muſe with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder ſtrain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous ſong.
My humble verſe demands a ſofter theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream;
Unfit for Heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, ſhou'd praiſe.

To the EARL of DORSET.

[PHILIPS.]

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endleſs tracts of ſnow,
From ſtreams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What preſent ſhall the Muſe to Dorſet bring,
Or how, ſo near the Pole, attempt to ſing?
The hoary winter here conceals from ſight
All pleaſing objects which to verſe invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and ſilver-ſtreaming floods,
By ſnow diſguis'd, in bright confuſion lie,
And with one dazzling waſte fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the ſpring,
No birds within the deſart region ſing.
The ſhips, unmoor'd, the boiſt'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vaſt Leviathan wants room to play,
And ſpout his waters in the face of day.
The ſtarving wolves along the main ſea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a ſhining league the level main
Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy plain:
There ſolid billows of enormous ſize,
Alps of green ice, in wild diſorder riſe.

And yet but lately have I ſeen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dreſs appear,
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treaſur'd ſnow,
Or winds begun through hazy ſkies to blow,

At

At ev'ning a keen eaſtern breeze aroſe,
And the deſcending rain unſully'd froze.
Soon as the ſilent ſhades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn diſclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich diſguiſe,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For ev'ry ſhrub, and ev'ry blade of graſs,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, ſeem'd wrought in glaſs;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns ſhow,
While through the ice the crimſon berries glow.
The thick-ſprung reeds, which wat'ry marſhes yield,
Seem'd poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
The ſtag in limpid currents, with ſurprize,
Sees cryſtal branches on his forehead riſe:
The ſpreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther ſhine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches ſhun,
Which wave and glitter in the diſtant ſun.

When if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe,
The brittle foreſt into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempeſt bends,
And in a ſpangled ſhow'r the proſpect ends:
Or, if a ſouthern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country ſees,
And journies ſad beneath the dropping trees:
Like ſome deluded peaſant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads,
While here inchanted gardens to him riſe,
And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
His wand'ring feet the magic paths purſue,
And while he thinks the fair illuſion true,
The trackleſs ſcenes diſperſe in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the tranſient viſion mourns.

To the EARL of WARWICK, on the DEATH of Mr. ADDISON. [TICKELL.]

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to Addiſon unpaid,
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.

What

What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night, that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Thro' breathing ſtatues, then unheaded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend;
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To ſtrew freſh laurels let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy iſles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls, where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred Freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints who taught, and led the way to heav'n.
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt;
Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit, or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?

A winged

A winged Virtue, through th' etherial ſky,
From world to world, unweary'd, does he fly?
Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How Michael battel'd, and the Dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals leſt behind,
A taſk well ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if, ſometimes, thy ſpotleſs form deſcend,
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When Rage miſguides me, or when Fear alarms,
When Pain diſtreſſes, or when Pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till Bliſs ſhall join, nor Death can part us more.

That awful form, (which, ſo ye Heav'ns decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill deplor'd by me)
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If buſineſs calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care,
I meet his ſoul which breathes in Cato there;
If, penſive, to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong:
There, patient, ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, whene'er thy bow'r appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects, freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!
His image thy forſaken bow'rs reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;

No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muſe's art I found;
Reluctant, now, I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him who taught me how to ſing;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence they attempt to mourn.
O! muſt I, then, (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addiſon ſucceeds)
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!
Theſe works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt, farewell;
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN and LUCY. A BALLAD.

[TICKELL.]

OF Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect a fairer face;
Till luckleſs love, and pining care,
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.
Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.
Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;

And, ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing:
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound:
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke,
The virgins weeping round:
"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
Which beckons me away.
By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?
"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare!
But know, fond maid, and know, falſe man,
That Lucy will be there!
"Then bear my corſe, ye comrades dear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
I in my winding-ſheet."
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd; her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.
Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Compaſſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow;
He groan'd, he ſhook, he fell.
From the vain bride, ah bride no more,
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd beſide her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembing ſwains,

In the ſame mould, beneath one ſod,
Forever now remains.
Oft, at this place, the conſtant hind,
And plighted maid, are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the ſacred green.
But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ground forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

EDWIN and EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage ſtood.

There beauteous EMMA flouriſh'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heav'n
When May's ſweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plain;
That ſun which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had ſhe fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair;

Till EDWIN came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul that knew no art,
And from whoſe eyes ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliſs,
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His ſiſter, who like envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their mutual flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at laſt,
He ſternly diſapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart a war,
Of differing paſſions ſtrove;
His heart which durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanmore's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul
The midnight mourner ſtray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt;
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd Heav'n with fruitleſs pray'rs,
And fruitleſs ſorrows ſhed.

'Tis paſt, he cry'd, but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
What they muſt ever love.

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Faſt falling o'er the primroſe pale
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care
(A cruel ſiſter ſhe!)
Forbad what EMMA came to ſay,
My EDWIN, live for me.

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs went,
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's fun'ral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In ev'ry buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad ſounding in the gale.

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſteps,
Her aged mother's door;
He's gone, ſhe cry'd, and I ſhall ſee
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide:
From her white arm down ſunk her head,
She ſhiver'd, ſigh'd, and died.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

[THOMSON.]

'TIS liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,

The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.
  Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought,
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young CELADON
And his AMELIA were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Hers the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.
  They lov'd: but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendſhip heightened by the mutual wiſh,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.
  So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled: till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Heavy with inſtant fate her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Tow'rds the big gloom, on CELADON her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In heav'n, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he ſaid,

" Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
" And inward ſtorm! He, who yon ſkies involves
" In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
" With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
" That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
" Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice,
" Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
" With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
" 'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus
" To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace,
(Myſterious heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

JUNIO and THEANA.

[GRAINGER.]

SOON as young reaſon dawn'd in Junio's breaſt,
His father ſent him from theſe genial iſles,
To where old Thames with conſcious pride ſurveys
Green Eton, ſoft abode of every muſe.
Each claſſic beauty ſoon he made his own;
And ſoon fam'd Iſis ſaw him woo the Nine,
On her inſpiring banks: Love tun'd his ſong;
For fair Theana was his only theme,
Acaſto's daughter, whom, in early youth
He oft diſtinguiſh'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending cocoa's airy height,
To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he preſented, more nectareous deem'd.—
The ſweeteſt ſappadillas oft he brought;
From him more ſweet ripe ſappadillas ſeem'd.—
Nor had long abſence yet effac'd her form;
Her charms ſtill triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, ſweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taſte mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expreſſion, and in grace,
She ſhone all perfect; while each pleaſing art,

And

And each ſoft virtue that the ſex adorns,
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect ſtrain
Can ill deſcribe the tranſports Junio felt
At this diſcovery: He declar'd his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.
And ſhall not hymen light his brighteſt torch,
For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew,
His ſire deteſted his Theana's houſe!—
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conſpir'd
To check their happy union. He reſolv'd
(And many a ſigh that reſolution coſt)
To paſs the time, till death his ſire remov'd,
In viſiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While ſhe (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native iſle.
Tho' learned, curious, and tho' nobly bent,
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to ſerve; no joys he found.—
Yet ſprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the ſeat of ev'ry muſe,
Of freedom, courage; yet Auſonia's clime,
His ſteps explor'd; where painting, muſic's ſtrains,
Where arts, where laws, (philoſophy's beſt child)
With rival beauties, his attention claim'd.
To his juſt-judging, his inſtructed eye,
The all-perfect Medicean Venus ſeem'd
A perfect ſemblance of his Indian fair:
But, when ſhe ſpoke of love, her voice ſurpaſs'd
The harmonious warblings of Italian ſong.
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,
Which briefly told him of his father's death.
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven reſign'd,
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as ſoon embark'd,
Eager to claſp the object of his love.
Blow, proſperous breezes; ſwiftly ſail, thou Po:
Swift ſail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.
In Biſcay's ſtormy ſeas an armed ſhip,
Of force ſuperior, from loud Charente's wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
Their colours ſtrike; when dauntleſs Junio, fir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
Who on the bloody deck dealt ſlaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And touch'd with ſhame, with emulation ſtung,

So plied their cannon, plied their miſſile fires,
That ſoon in air the hapleſs thunderer blew.
Blow, proſperous breezes; ſwiftly ſail, thou Po:
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!
Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they 'ſpy,
Like clouds dim riſing in the diſtant ſky.
Glad Eurus whiſtles; laugh the ſportive crew;
Each ſail is ſet to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner ſits,
Strikes the boneta, or the ſhark inſnares.
The little Nautilus with purple pride
Expands his ſails, and dances o'er the waves:
Small winged fiſhes on the ſhrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently play'd around.
Tho' faſter than the Tropic-bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, ah! when ſhall we ſee land?
Soon land they made: and now in thought he claſp'd
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.
She, no leſs anxious, every evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's veſſel to deſcry.
One eve, (faint calms for many a day had rag'd)
The winged dæmons of the tempeſt roſe;
Thunder, and rain, and light'ning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave; the ethereal bolt,
That ſtretch'd her ſpeechleſs, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd.
Mean while, impatient Junio leapt aſhore,
Regardleſs of the dæmons of the ſtorm.
Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burſt on thee? Urge not ſo
Thy flying courſer. Soon Theana's porch
Received him: at his ſight, the ancient ſlaves
Affrighted ſhriek, and to the chamber point:—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He enter'd haſty——
Ah! what a ſight for one who lov'd ſo well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpſe of joy
Play'd on her face, while with faint, faultering voice,
She thus addreſs'd the youth, whom yet ſhe knew.
"Welcome, my Junio, to thy native ſhore!
"Thy ſight repays this ſummons of my fate:

"Live,

"Live, and live happy; ſometimes think of me:
"By night, by day, you ſtill engag'd my care;
"And next to God, you now my thoughts employ:
"Accept of this——My little all I give;
"Would it were larger"——Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.
But ſay, what ſtrains, what language can expreſs
The thouſand pangs which tore the lover's breaſt?
Upon her breathleſs corſe himſelf he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haſte,
Ten thouſand kiſſes gave. He ſtrove to ſpeak;
Nor words he found: he claſpt her in his arms;
He ſigh'd, he ſwoon'd, look'd up, and died away.
One grave contains this hapleſs, faithful pair;
And ſtill the cane-iſles tell their matchleſs love!

The SPLENDID SHILLING. An Imitation of MILTON. [J. PHILIPS.]

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling: He nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-Hall repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Mean while he ſmoaks and laughs at merry tale,
Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corps ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize
Smoaks Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwalladar and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,

Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil,
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus, while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel aſcends:
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhould I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of wood-hole; ſtrait my briſtling hairs erect
Thro' ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters, and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) behind him ſtalks
Another monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erſt have endu'd; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his body, to the touch
Obſequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance ſtrict detain him, till in form
Of money, Pallas ſets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft

Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall, or kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my days. But when nocturnal ſhades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumbing froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſperate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean while, I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy, ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale:
In vain; awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phanton curſe.

Thus do I live from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, John-Apple, nor the downy Peach,
Nor Walnut in rough furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor Medlar, fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My Galligaſkins that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd, (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſcloſe, with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruiſing near
The Lilybean ſhore, with hideous craſh
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; horrors ſeize
The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the battering waves ruſh in
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

DESCRIPTION of the THAMES, and of STAG-HUNTING.

[DENHAM's COOPER's HILL.]

MY eye, deſcending from the hill, ſurveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies ſtrays.
Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the ocean's ſons
By his old ſire, to his embraces runs,
Haſting to pay his tribute to the ſea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Tho' with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore;
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' enſuing ſpring: Nor

Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor, with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil:
But, god-like, his unwearied bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his bleſſings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the ſea or wind;
When he to boaſt, or to diſperſe his ſtores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and, in his flying towers,
Brings home to us and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in deſarts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer currents, loſt,
Thy nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the ſtars, and bathe the gods:
Here nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us or herſelf, with ſtrange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no leſs delight
To the wiſe maker's, than beholder's ſight:
Tho' theſe delights from ſeveral cauſes move;
For ſo our children, thus our friends we love)
Wiſely ſhe knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcord ſprings.
Such was the diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty, through the univerſe;
While dryneſs moiſture, coldneſs heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the wood,
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the flood,
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight.
The ſtream is ſo tranſparent, pure and clear,
That, had the ſelf-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,

So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had ſeen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his ſhoulders, and his ſides,
A ſhady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows,
While winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a ſpacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the ſtream embrac'd:
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt endears.
This ſcene had ſome bold Greek, or Britiſh bard,
Beheld of old, what ſtories had we heard,
Of fairies, ſatyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feaſts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis ſtill the ſame, altho' their airy ſhape
All but a quick poetic ſight eſcape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned hoſt reſorts,
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd,
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great maſter-piece, to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner are undone.
Here have I ſeen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chaſe by all the flow'r
Of youth, whoſe hopes a noble prey devour:
Pleaſure, with praiſe and danger, they would buy,
And wiſh a foe that would not only fly.
The ſtag, now conſcious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and ſloth,
To ſome dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor Heaven's ſhould invade
His ſoft repoſe; when th' unexpected ſound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rouz'd with the noiſe, he ſcarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illuſions of his fear
Had giv'n this falſe alarm, but ſtraight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his ſtrengths, the wood beſet,
All inſtruments, all arts of ruin met;

He calls to mind his ſtrength, and then his ſpeed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With theſe t'avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him truſt his feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has loſt the chaſers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, 'till he finds, their nobler ſenſe
Their diſproportion'd ſpeed does recompenſe;
Then curſes his conſpiring feet, whoſe ſcent
Betrays that ſafety which their ſwiftneſs lent.
Then tries his friends among the baſer herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His ſafety ſeeks: the herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining ſtateſman, left forlorn,
To his friends pity, and purſuers ſcorn,
With ſhame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conſcious groves,
The ſcenes of his paſt triumphs, and his loves;
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the ſoil, and all the herd his own;
And, like a bold knight-errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the ſtream
His dreadful challenge, and his claſhing beam:
Yet faintly now declines the fatal ſtrife;
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and every moving breath,
Preſents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt,
All ſafety in deſpair of ſafety plac'd;
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wiſhes, for the fight,
That ſtrength he waſted in ignoble flight:
But, when he ſees the eager chace renew'd,
Himſelf by dogs, the dogs by men purſu'd,
He ſtrait revokes his bold reſolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unſafeſt are,
And doubt a greater miſchief than deſpair.
Then to the ſtream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor ſpeed, nor art avail, he ſhapes his courſe;

Thinks not their rage ſo deſp'rate, to aſſay
An element more mercileſs than they.
But, fearleſs, they purſue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirſt; alas, they thirſt for blood.
So tow'rds a ſhip the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting ſea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt fury of extreme deſpair.
So fares the ſtag among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſail, now thoſe,
Though prodigal of life, diſdains to die
By common hands; but, if he can deſcry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal ſhaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then, glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it reſigns his blood,
And ſtains the cryſtal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chaſe
Than when of old, but in the ſelf-ſame place,
Fair Liberty, purſu'd, and meant a prey
To lawleſs power, * here turn'd, and ſtood at bay,
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that charter ſeal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:
Tyrant and ſlave, thoſe names of hate and fear,
The happier ſtile of king and ſubject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame center move,
When kings give liberty, and ſubjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter ſtood;
Wanting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.
The ſubjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
'Till kings, by giving, give themſelves away,
And ev'n that pow'r, that ſhou'd deny, betray.
"Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
"Not thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they gifts, but ſpoils."
Thus kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their ſubjects, by oppreſſion, bold:

And

* Runnimede; where that great charter was firſt ſealed.

And popular ſway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for ſubjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame extremes; and one exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm river, rais'd with ſudden rains,
Or ſnows diſſolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The huſbandmen with high-rais'd banks ſecure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow, courſe;
No longer, then, within his banks he dwells,
Firſt to a torrent, then a deluge, ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his ſhores.

INTERVIEW between HEALTH and Dr. HERVEY in the INFERNAL REGIONS.

[GARTH'S DISPENSARY.]

THEY haſten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bleſs'd remain:
Where Hervey gathers ſimples, to beſtow
Immortal youth on heroes ſhades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable ſage her preſence knew:
Thus he——
Hail, blooming goddeſs! thou propitious pow'r,
Whoſe bleſſings mortals more than life implore,
With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds eaſe in chains, or anguiſh in a crown.
With juſt reſentment and contempt you ſee
The foul diſſenſions of the Faculty;
How your ſad ſick'ning art now hangs her head;
And, once a ſcience, is become a trade.
Her ſons ne'er rifle her myſterious ſtore,
But ſtudy nature leſs, and lucre more.
Not ſo, when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incenſe blaz'd.
Oft father Tyber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd ſon is worſhipp'd like the ſire;

The

The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.
I ſhow'd, of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of their refluent tide.
Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the ſpirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cauſe.
Nor wou'd our Wharton, Bates, and Gliſſon lie
In the abyſs of blind Obſcurity.
But, now, ſuch wond'rous ſearches are forborne,
And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn.
Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
How her loſt health your ſcience may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus addreſs;
From Heav'n and great Naſſau he has the mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and Learning is his care.
He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And, graciouſly, he caſts a pitying eye
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he ſpeaks, Heav'ns! how the liſt'ning throng
Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' ſerene;
And, when the pow'r of eloquence he'd try,
Here, light'ning ſtrikes you; there, ſoft breezes ſigh.
To him you muſt your ſickly ſtate refer;
Your charter claims him as your Viſiter.
Your wounds he'll cloſe, and ſov'reignly reſtore
Your ſcience to the height it had before.
Then Naſſau's health ſhall be your glorious aim,
His life ſhould be as laſting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devaſtations ſpring,
He condeſcends, in pity, to be king:
And when, amidſt his olives plac'd, he ſtands,
And governs more by candour than commands,
Ev'n then not leſs a hero he appears,
Than when a Laurel diadem he wears.
Wou'd Phœbus, or his G——le, but inſpire
Their ſacred veh'mence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in ſong that godlike pow'r,
Which did the lab'ring univerſe reſtore:

Fair

Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the ſtrain,
And praiſe the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repoſe, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt Malice and Ingratitude confeſs
They've ſtrove for ruin long, without ſucceſs.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pyle ſhall riſe,
To bear the victor to the boundleſs ſkies,
Awhile the God puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth to give the heav'ns a ſtar.
Near thee, Alcides, ſhall the hero ſhine;
His rays reſembling, as his labours, thine.
Had ſome fam'd patriot, of the Latin blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preſerv'd the Latin liberties,
Aſpiring columns ſoon had reach'd the ſkies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had ſhook,
And all the ſtatues of the gods had ſpoke.
No more the ſage his raptures could purſue:
He paus'd; and Celſus, with his guide, withdrew.

RULES for WRITING WELL.

[Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Eſſay on Poetry.]

OF all thoſe arts in which the wiſe excel,
Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man ſo high,
As ſacred and ſoul-moving poeſy:
No kind of work requires ſo nice a touch;
And, if well finiſh'd, nothing ſhines ſo much.
But Heav'n forbid we ſhould be ſo profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flaſh of fancy, which, ſometimes,
Dazzling our minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt rhimes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlaſting, like the ſun,
Which, tho' ſometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhime, and that harmonious ſound,
Which not the niceſt ear with harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain theſe ſuperficial parts
Contribute to the ſtructure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the ſoul:

Fair

A ſpirit which inſpires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidſt conceptions fit;
Ev'n ſomething of divine, and more than wit;
Itſelf unſeen, yet all things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all men, but deſcrib'd by none.
Where doſt thou dwell? What caverns of the brain
Can ſuch a vaſt and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy abſence mourn,
Oh! where doſt thou retire? and why doſt thou return,
Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me away,
From pleaſures of the night, and bus'neſs of the day?
Ev'n now, too far tranſported, I am fain
To check thy courſe, and uſe the needful rein.
As all is dulneſs, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundleſs influence
Not only in the choice of words, or ſenſe,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reaſon is that ſubſtantial, uſeful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I ſhall all the various ſorts of verſe,
And the whole art of poetry rehearſe;
But who that taſk would after Horace do?
The beſt of maſters, and examples too!
Echoes at beſt, all we can ſay is vain;
Dull the deſign, and fruitleſs were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with eaſe;
But who with that mean ſhift himſelf can pleaſe,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new abſurdities inſpire new thoughts;
What need has Satire, then, to live on theft,
When ſo much freſh occaſion ſtill is left?
Fertile our ſoil, and full of rankeſt weeds,
And monſters worſe than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools ſhall have no cauſe to fear;
'Tis wit and ſenſe that is the ſubject here:
Defects of witty men deſerve a cure,
And thoſe who are ſo, will ev'n this endure.
Firſt, then, of Songs, which now ſo much abound;
Without his ſong no fop is to be found;

A moſt offenſive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, againſt Apollo's laws.
Tho' nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richeſt pearl there lies
Many a blemiſh that eſcapes our eyes,
The leaſt of which defects is plainly ſhown
In one ſmall ring, and brings the value down:
So Songs ſhould be to juſt perfection brought;
Yet where can one be ſeen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expreſſion eaſy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not ſeem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words tranſpos'd, but in ſuch order all,
As wrought with care, yet ſeem by chance to fall?
Here, as in all things elſe, is moſt unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauſeous ſongs by a late author made,
Call an unwilling cenſure on his ſhade.
Not that warm thoughts of the tranſporting joy
Can ſhock the chaſteſt, or the niceſt cloy;
But words obſcene, too groſs to move deſire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choak the fire.
On other themes he well deſerves our praiſe;
But palls that appetite he meant to raiſe.
Next, elegy, of ſweet, but ſolemn voice,
And of a ſubject grave, exacts the choice;
The praiſe of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft deſpairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That Phœnix-ſhe deſerves to be belov'd;
But noiſy nonſenſe, and ſuch fops as vex
Mankind, take moſt with that fantaſtic ſex.
This to the praiſe of thoſe who better knew;
The many raiſe the value of the few.
But here (as all our ſex too oft have try'd)
Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aſide.
Their greateſt fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But ſhould this muſe harmonious numbers yield,
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a juſt coherence be not made
Between each thought, and the whole model laid

So

So right, that ev'ry line may higher riſe,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the ſkies:
Such trifles may, perhaps, of late, have paſs'd,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never laſt:
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with ſkill,
No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.
A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muſes' moſt unruly horſe,
That bounds ſo fierce, the rider has no reſt,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one poſſeſs'd.
The poet, here, muſt be, indeed, inſpir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boaſt to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But, ſometimes, diction mean, or verſe ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Tho' all appear in heat and fury done,
The language ſtill muſt ſoft and eaſy run.
Theſe laws may ſound a little too ſevere;
But judgment yields and fancy governs here,
Which, tho' extravagant, this muſe allows,
And makes the work much eaſier than it ſhows.
Of all the ways that wiſeſt men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has moſt ſucceſsful prov'd,
And cures, becauſe the remedy is lov'd;
'Tis hard to write on ſuch a ſubject more,
Without repeating things ſaid oft before:
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That ſtain a beauty which we ſo much love.
Of choſen words ſome take not care enough,
And think they ſhould be, as the ſubject, rough;
This poem muſt be more exactly made,
And ſharpeſt thoughts in ſmootheſt words convey'd.
Some think, if ſharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only buſ'neſs was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Diſtinguiſhes a ſatyr from a ſcold.
Rage you muſt hide, and prejudice lay down;
A ſatyr's ſmile is ſharper than his frown;
So, while you ſeem to ſlight ſome rival youth,
Malice itſelf may paſs ſometimes for truth.

The Laureat, here, may juſtly claim our praiſe,
Crown'd by Mack-Fleckno with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegaſus has borne dead weight,
Rid by ſome lumpiſh miniſter of ſtate.

CHARACTER and DUTY of a true CRITIC.

[POPE's Eſſay on Criticiſm.]

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True Taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at laſt.

Some

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
Firſt follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring NATURE, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;

For

For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shews moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.
Thoſe RULES of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame Laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with Reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.
You, then, whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
His Fable, Subject, ſcope in ev'ry page,
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;

Thence

Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.
When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign:
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd verſe confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles Poetry, in each
Are nameleſs Graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licence anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
Great Wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its End;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I

I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts,
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous, and mis-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes.)

CAUSES that miſlead the JUDGMENT in Criticizing the WRITINGS of OTHERS.

[POPE's Eſſay on Criticiſm.]

OF all the Cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride.
For as in bodies, ſo in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:

Pride,

Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend – and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!
A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever

Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpight of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.
"Not ſo by Heav'n (he anſwers in a rage)
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics, of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form ſhort Ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to *Conceit* alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.
Others for *Language* all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for Dreſs:
Their Praiſe is ſtill,—the Style is excellent:
The Senſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true Expreſſion, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, mere moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the play,
Theſe ſparks with aukward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

TO-

TO-MORROW. [Dr. COTTON.]

Pereunt et imputantur.

TO-morrow, didſt thou ſay!
Methought I heard Horatio ſay, to-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow!
'Tis a ſharper, who ſtakes his penury
Againſt thy plenty—who takes thy ready caſh,
And pays thee nought but wiſhes, hopes, and promiſes,
The currency of idiots.—Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the eaſy creditor:—to-morrow!
It is a Period no where to be found
In all the hoary regiſters of time,
Unleſs perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wiſdom diſclaims the Word, nor holds ſociety
With thoſe who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis fancy's child, and Folly is its Father;
Wrought of ſuch ſtuff as dreams are; and baſeleſs
As the fantaſtic viſions of the evening.
But ſoft, my friend—arreſt the preſent moments;
For be aſſur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be ſilent, and their path
Trackleſs, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They poſt to heav'n, and there record thy folly;
Becauſe, though ſtationed on th' important watch,
Thou, like a ſleeping, faithleſs centinel,
Didſt let them paſs unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou ſlumber'dſt on the guard,
Thou ſhalt be made to anſwer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt ſtand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd juſtice, who ſhall tell thy audit!
Then ſtay the preſent inſtant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wiſdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimſon treaſures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy graſp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel faſt, until he bleſs thee.

EPITAPH. [BEN. JONSON.]

UNDERNEATH this ſtone doth lie
As much virtue as cou'd die;
Which when alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as cou'd live.

On the Counteſs Dowager of PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this marble hearſe
Lies the ſubject of all verſe,
Sidney's ſiſter, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou haſt kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw a dart at thee.

EPITAPH. [PRIOR.]

NOBLES and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies *, what once was Matthew Prior;
The ſon of Adam and of Eve,
Can Stuart or Naſſau claim higher?

Under MILTON's PICTURE, before his PARADISE LOST. [DRYDEN.]

THREE Poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd;
The next, in majeſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature cou'd no further go;
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

A HYMN. [THOMSON.]

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, theſe,
Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy Glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.

In

* Alluding to Weſtminſter Abbey.

In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, thou bid'ſt the world adore,
And humbleſt Nature with thy northern blaſt.
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempeſt forth,
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe Spirit in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh talk of him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound his ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to him;

Breathe

Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye valleys, raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night his praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, thro' the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his ſetting beam

Flame

Flames on th' *Atlantic* iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since GOD is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And were HE vital ſpreads there muſt be joy.
When even at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go,
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons:
From *ſeeming Evil* ſtill educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion.——But I loſe
Myſelf in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe HIS praiſe.

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

[POPE.]

Deo opt. Max.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd,
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell, to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n, purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid, when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

Yet not to Earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all Being raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

FINIS.